HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XI.—No. 570.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1867. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1867, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

"THE SOLDIER'S FRIEND."

AN incident lately occurred on one of the New York and Jersey City ferry-boats which is illustrative of more than one trait in General GRANT'S character, and which one of our artists, who happened to witness it, has placed on wood and engraved for our readers.

General GRANT lately paid a visit to West Point, and being desirous of avoiding that greatest of nuisances to a modest man like himself—the over-civility of the people along his route—traveled incognito; not exactly in disguise, but dressed so differently from his usual habit that he was recognizable to but few. But our artist, Mr. JEWETT, had made during the war too many portraits of the General to be deceived by a change in his wearing apparel, and at a glance recognized in the shaded face the features of the "first General of the age."

While General GRANT remained in the cabin of the boat he was approached by one of those disabled veterans who are employed, or who employ themselves, in selling the newspaper known as "The Soldier's Friend," a journal, by-the-way, of unusual merit aside from its charitable object, and a copy was laid on his knee. The General, recognizing and admitting the claim of the disabled veteran on his aid and charity, drew from his pocket a $5 greenback and quietly handed it to the much astonished soldier. The latter was in doubt what to do until the General, with a nod, dismissed him. As he turned away, the soldier, observing his friend more closely, recognized his old leader, and would have spoken; but a glance from the General silenced him and he bowed and passed on.

Very few persons on the boat noticed the incident or recognized the General, the incognito was not generally penetrated, and General GRANT had the satisfaction of getting through New York without one of those involuntary ovations which the people every where pay him, and which are so very disagreeable to his retiring nature. The modesty of General GRANT is as excessive as it is genuine. In his manners, dress, and style of living General GRANT displayed during the war more republican simplicity than any other general officer of the army, and maintains the same custom still. In manner he is very unassuming and approachable, and his conversation is noticeable from its unpretending, plain, and straightforward style. There is nothing declamatory nor pedantic in his tone or language. His rhetoric is more remarkable for the compact structure than the elegance and the finish of his sentences. He talks practically, and writes as he talks; and his language, written and oral, is distinguished by strong common-sense. He dresses in a careless but by no means slovenly manner, and wears no article which attracts attention except the three stars which indicate his rank.

STRAYED FROM THE FLOCK.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

"491.—'Strayed from the Flock.'—B. RIVIERE.

'I call the effects of Nature the works of God, whose hand and instrument she only is. Nature is not at variance with Art, nor Art with Nature: they being both servants of His providence.'—SIR T. BROWNE'S '*Religio Medici.*'"

THE wind goes sobbing
Over the moor;
Far is the fold, and shut its door;
White and still—beyond terror or shock,
Lies the foolish lamb that strayed from the flock:
While overhead, from his frozen branch,
With a tender pity, true and stanch,
Thus sings the robin:

"The wind howls, heavy
With death and sorrow;
To-day it is thee—may be me to-morrow:
Yet I'll sing one tune o'er the silent wold,
For the little lamb that never grew old;
Never lived long winters to see,
Chanting from empty boughs like me,
Boughs once so leafy.

"The snow-flakes cover
The moorland dun;
My song trills feebly, but I sing on.
Why did God make me a brave bird-soul,
Under warm feathers, red as a coal,
To keep my life thus cheery and bright,
To the very last twinkle of wintry light—
While thine is all over?

"Why was I given
Bold strong wings
To bear me away from hurtful things,
While thy poor feet were so tender and weakly,
And thy faint heart gave up all so meekly;
Till it yielded at length to a still, safe Hand,
That bade thee lie down, nor try to stand?
Was it Hand of Heaven?

"The wind goes sobbing"
(Thus sang the bird;
Or else in a dream his voice I heard):
"Nothing I know, and nothing can;
Wisdom is not for me, but man.
Yet Some snow-pure, snow-soft—*not* snow-cold,
May be singing o'er the lamb strayed from the fold,
Besides poor Robin."

THANKSGIVING.

IT is a fortunate circumstance that our annual thank-offering festival has become a national affair in which a whole people participate upon a common day. This community of thanksgiving is due to the war, and shows how firmly that struggle has bound together the different sections of our country. We forget that we are States, and come to offer tribute to God in our capacity as a nation. The festival thus becomes more significant not only in its altered character, but in its larger suggestions and motives.

The Thanksgiving festival originated in New England, and has been called the "New England Christmas." Like many other Puritan ideas, it has been communicated to other States until it has become national. It must not be inferred, however, that the world waited for the Puritans to teach it the propriety of public thanksgiving to God for His bounty. All the ancient religions recognized the most intimate connection of the Divinity with human affairs. Apparently this recognition of Providence was more manifest in ancient than in modern times. The tendency of the human intellect, as its development progresses, is to interpose certain abstractions which it terms *laws* between God and the events of nature or of our own life. The ancients were certainly more religious than we are. But it must also be remembered that they had a darker theology—one of fear rather than of love. The dynasty of gods which Christianity dethroned was a terrible dynasty—one which frowned upon mankind, a dark, relentless Fate, to be appeased rather than loved. Indeed, in heathen theology we can easily detect a sentiment toward the Deity nearly akin to hatred. Even in the progress of Christianity we can trace a change forever going on which transforms the divine aspect, giving it a brighter character. The God of the nineteenth century is not the God of the sixteenth. And this transformation of human theology is continually going on; so that, notwithstanding the abstractions of science, we are growing ever up to a more perfect idea of a divine Being, who is not arrayed against humanity, but with whom men co-operate in the great mission of this world.

We can trace the results of this change of theological ideas in the history of our Thanksgiving festival. This festival originated upon some special occasion of gratitude for an uncommon harvest in New England, following upon a season of dearth, over two hundred years ago. At first it was a formal affair, but upon its repetition, year after year, it became at length a festival of the family as well as of the State. Its formality and its severer features disappeared, and it became in New England what Christmas was in the rest of the world. Our illustrations on pages 760 and 761 are very suggestive in this connection. One of these rep-

"THE SOLDIER'S FRIEND"—AN INCIDENT IN GENERAL GRANT'S LIFE.—(DRAWN BY W. S. L. JEWETT.)

resents a Thanksgiving dinner of the old time, under strictly Puritan auspices; and the other the Thanksgiving dinner of our own day. The brighter and more cheerful elements of the modern festival are apparent at a glance, while the religious sentiment thereof still remains, though taking a less austere and formal phase. It is because of this change that the old Puritan custom has been adopted by the Middle and Southern States, and has become American.

This festival differs from the Protestant Christmas in that it is public as well as private. It is celebrated first in the church service—where its public significance is more prominent—and afterward at home about the generously-laden table. This private celebration, in the Thanksgiving dinner, is the most attractive feature of the occasion. It is not the costly dinner that gives it its value and chief attraction, but the opportunity thus afforded for the social mingling of family relatives and nearest friends. The occasion is always full of solemnity as well as of rejoicing, not only because of the religious element which always to a greater or less degree must enter into it, but also on account of the profound nature of those sympathies which bind to our hearts those who are near and dear to us. Peculiarly solemn is it when our joy in the presence of friends is mingled with sorrowful longing for a face which a year ago was with us but is now hidden from us in this world forever!

Not the least pleasant feature of this occasion is the opportunity which it gives us to remember and minister to the wants of the poor. The rich man who sits down to his Thanksgiving dinner, and who can think of no home made brighter by his love-offerings on that day, can truly make no thank-offering to God who is the common Father of all men. Our Thanksgiving sermon to all our readers is: Thank God for his good dealings toward you, and try to feel that you are doing his work in this world as far as you can; forgive all your enemies as you hope to be forgiven; remember the widows and orphans; and then sit down with your friends to the best Thanksgiving dinner which you can afford and enjoy.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1867.

THE BEST READING CHEAP.

MRS. MULOCK CRAIK'S *new Love Story, "The Woman's Kingdom," will be commenced in* HARPER'S MAGAZINE *for January, and will be continued through the year. It will occupy about one-eighth of each Number, and so will cost subscribers* fifty cents. *When completed the English edition will cost 16s. sterling; about equivalent to $7.*

MR. JAMES DE MILLE'S *Novel, "Cord and Creese," now appearing in* HARPER'S BAZAR, *will run through several months. When published in book form the probable price will be $4. In the* BAZAR *its cost is about* twenty-five cents.

MR. WILKIE COLLINS'S *new Novel is soon to appear in* HARPER'S WEEKLY. *If it runs to the usual length of his stories it will occupy about one year; and when published in London the cost will be* a guinea and a half; *equal to about $11. The cost to those who obtain it in the* WEEKLY *will be about* one dollar.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, HARPER'S WEEKLY, *and* HARPER'S BAZAR *will be supplied together for* ten dollars, *or any two at* seven dollars.

A PROPOSED COMPROMISE.

THE situation of the country demands the calmest and most sagacious consideration of every citizen. We should all be willing to compare views with each other, disposed to regard party ascendency only so far as party instrumentality is indispensable to great public results; but not at all disposed to conclude that the way of wisdom is necessarily a little different from any thing yet proposed. It seems to be a favorite theory with some well-meaning persons that under all circumstances a middle course is best. Neither hot nor cold is substituted for neither *too* hot nor *too* cold. But in great emergencies very positive measures are often both the safest and the swiftest; and true wisdom consists in knowing exactly when the emergency demands such measures.

Our paramount present question is that of reconstruction. However essential the subject of the finances of the country may be, the interest that precedes it in immediate importance is that of the national unity. How shall this be most rapidly, most wisely, and most permanently secured? It is our misfortune that this question has been discussed under circumstances which have inflamed party passion, so that the debate has rather exasperated than pacified us. Yet this also was unavoidable. When the contest of two tendencies for the final and absolute control of a government culminates in a civil war which convulses a country for four years, desolating whole States, ruining the great proprietors, utterly subverting the industrial system of a large section, and finally ending in the total military subjugation of one party, it is impossible that the throes of so tremendous a struggle can readily subside; the original hostility will be only the more embittered, and the contest shifting from war to politics will be waged with undiminished fury.

Such is the situation in which we are both actors and witnesses. The country is really divided into two vast hosts, each of which resolutely presses its policy as the one which is alone both just and practicable. If in this great debate we have warmly supported one of these policies, it is from no other feeling than the profoundest conviction of its wisdom under the circumstances, and its consequent permanent advantage to the whole country. The opposing views have been presented by men whose antecedents are not assuring, and in a temper of the most reckless partisanship. When those who seemed to us to have no comprehension of the real character of the war, who steadily and, as we thought, unscrupulously withstood the effort of the Government to save itself, and who excused and palliated the most causeless and cruel rebellion, rushed forward at the end of the conflict, hoping to assume the direction of affairs, we felt as our fathers would have felt if after the surrender of CORNWALLIS the Tories had flocked back from Nova Scotia and England to claim the chief place in organizing the new Government. But when the New York *World*, one of the chief organs of this party, after an apparent reaction of public opinion in its favor, proposed to consider impartially the immediate question, and to suggest a course of action in which all well-disposed citizens might properly unite, we gave it the most attentive consideration, in the sincere hope of finding a wise, just, humane, and honorable proposition. Whether it be so or not, whether it be what it claims to be, a truly conservative policy, our readers shall judge.

The circumstances are familiar. The slaves have been emancipated and remain within the late slave States. They are perhaps considerably more than a third of the population. They are as a class wholly loyal. The whites as a class are disaffected to the Government. They own the land; they are the traditional political class; and they have been subdued by the Government, which has freed the slaves, conferred upon them civil rights, and admitted them to the suffrage. The important point, then, as the *World* admits, is the treatment of the colored population; and it proposes substantially that after five years from the date of emancipation a certain number of colored men shall be allowed to vote upon a property qualification, and that at some later period, when they are more educated and have acquired property, the suffrage shall be virtually universal. Meanwhile there is to be a general amnesty, and certain changes of official tenure are to be made in the Constitution.

What would be the effect of this scheme? The five years from emancipation, which the *World* would of course reckon from the official proclamation of the adoption of the amendment, not from President LINCOLN'S act, would expire in 1870. Until then the colored population would not vote. The result of the scheme, therefore, would be that the States would be reorganized solely by the disaffected, or what is popularly called the rebel element of the population; the colored and other loyalists would be wholly at their mercy; they would own all the property and control the education, which are to be the qualifications of the future voting of the colored population; and the vote of all these States in question would be cast for the Democratic candidate in the Presidential election of next year. For some inscrutable reason this extraordinary plan is called a compromise.

It is unnecessary to consider the utter impracticability of this scheme, even were it wise or honorable. The *World* suggests a kind of unofficial conference between certain Northern and Southern gentlemen, who are to propose this plan. In what way the voters of the various States are to be bound by it—in other words, how the necessity of party action is to be obviated—is not stated. Indeed, there is nothing new in it whatever, except the admission in a Democratic journal that colored men may properly be voters under certain circumstances. For the rest it is merely the policy which the President calls his own. It is the surrender of the States which we have recovered to the sole political control of those who rebelled, and of the freedmen to the late master-class. The objection to it is the objection to the policy of the President. It betrays the colored population to those who have shown in their black codes, passed under the President's auspices, what their treatment of the freedmen would be; and it aims at peace by intrusting political power to a single class, not always numerically the largest, and which is least in sympathy with the spirit of the Constitution and government. But not so can our difficulties be removed. The situation is peculiar, and must be regarded not simply in the light of abstract principles, but of actual necessities and practicabilities. The necessity of the time is loyal State governments at the South. We do not mean necessarily party Republican governments, or colored governments, but we do mean governments of those who are truly loyal to the Union, which such leaders as HILL, HERSCHEL V. JOHNSON, PERRY, and THROCKMORTON are not. If State governments like those of Kentucky and Maryland were to be established in the unorganized States, there would be twelve State governments no more really faithful to the Union than before the war. They would not probably force any further rebellion, at present, but they would secretly honor "the lost cause" and its defenders.

Our problem is to reorganize those States loyally. Perhaps we have begun too soon. Perhaps it would have been wiser to hold them by military authority until the loyal part of the population of every color could have been educated. But the one thing of which there is no doubt whatever is, that those States should not be reorganized by their disaffected citizens. Yet this kind of reorganization is gravely proposed by the *World* as a compromise, and by the President as "constitutional" statesmanship.

THE FORTIETH CONGRESS.

CONGRESS will have assembled before this paper is issued; and never did a Congress need more sagacity in its deliberations. We do not presume it will impeach the President, nor confiscate Southern property, but it will undoubtedly devote itself earnestly to the consideration of the finances, simplifying the system of taxation, and looking to see whether any serious change is necessary in the plan of national reconstruction. The main principle is plain enough, but the details of method are matters of experiment, as Congress discovered when the President and Attorney-General drove through the first bill.

Those who suppose that the result of the elections will persuade Congress that its plan is not approved, will probably find themselves mistaken. Two things it counted upon, of course. One was the uncompromising hostility of the Democratic party to any system of reconstruction that the other party might propose; the other was the inevitable friction in the first working of any system whatever. The first it has encountered in full force; the second is apparent in the refusal of the mass of the white population to take part in the first elections.

Congress will not, we hope, underestimate the force of the reaction. The duty of statesmen is to understand the signs of the times. It is not enough in Government to have good principles; the statesman must understand how to make them acceptable and practicable. If every party were to interpret every election by the rule of contraries, politics would be a very simple science, but the world would make very little progress. In that case, when the Democracy were overwhelmed in 1864 they should have been of the opinion that they had not opposed and maligned the war with sufficient vigor; and by the same rule the prohibitionists in Massachusetts should now be sure that they are defeated because they have not included tobacco and coffee in their condemnation. The result of the autumn elections is very serious. We may see the reasons; we may even welcome our defeat as an admonition; but we must no less see the difficulty of reversing great majorities within a year; and we ought to know that unless we heed the admonition the majorities will be increased.

The admonition is not to renounce our policy, but to pursue it reasonably and not recklessly. We hope Congress will leave vituperation and angry rhetoric to the President; and that Speaker and members will promptly discountenance the extravagance of speech which merely heats party spirit and harms the public welfare. No party which has the national honor and the elevation of the people at heart can gain by General BUTLER'S letters upon repudiation, or by such talk as a correspondent attributes without contradiction to Mr. WADE. Special pleading and fury are not statesmanship. Vehement denunciation of the dishonesty or cowardice of every body who does not accept our methods to a common purpose is simply ridiculous. Moreover, honesty is not ability. The country has a right to require of Congress not only an honest intention to deal justly with all interests, but the capacity to do so. If CAVOUR had merely honestly desired the unity of Italy he would have been like multitudes of his unknown countrymen. But his ability to compass his honest desire redeemed Italy and made him illustrious.

In all measures of a firm, wise, and humane policy Congress may be sure of the aid and comfort of the most intelligent and loyal of American citizens. It is not necessary to swear by any leader, nor to pronounce any shibboleth, but it is essential to display calmness, independence, conviction, and sagacity. Let Congress do that, and the country will not wish to turn to other leaders.

SECTARIAN LIMITS.

THE report of the Committee upon Charities and Charitable Institutions to the Constitutional Convention of New York provides that no State aid shall be given to any institution except upon the recommendation of a Board of Charities. And then only upon condition that a majority of the directors are not of one religious sect. The charter of the Cornell University also provides that a majority of the trustees shall never be of any one religious denomination. In both cases the intention is to destroy sectarian influence in matters of general public interest.

Whatever may be thought of this policy in the case of charitable institutions, there is no doubt that it should be the rule in all schools and colleges to which State aid is given. We need have no fear that sectarian feeling will not be strong enough to found sectarian academies. There are more than twenty institutions in this State called universities or colleges, and every one of them has a sectarian character. This is not to be complained of as an illustration of zeal, but it does not secure better instruction. Such is the infirmity of human nature that a Baptist college will be very much tempted to choose that one of two candidates for the Greek Professorship who is the best Baptist, even if his scholarship lags a little; and an Episcopalian college, not a thousand miles from the city of New York, once rejected one of the most accomplished chemists in the country who was not an Episcopalian, for another candidate of inferior acquirements and capacity who was a good Episcopalian, and, as it proved, an equally good rebel, who went off to Richmond and offered his services to the War Department there. Let each sect compete for superior excellence in the education imparted by their schools; but the State is of no sect, and the State school system must be rigidly unsectarian.

How essential this principle is may be seen from the late appeal of the Catholic clergy of Austria to the Emperor. There is a proposition to loosen the hold of the priesthood upon the Austrian schools, and the priests thereupon claim "a right for the Church to have a position in national schools, so as not only to provide the people with religious [Romish] education, but to take care that no tares be sown with the wheat;" in other words, that only the doctrines of the Romish sect be inculcated. The priests also insist that no one "whose faith and conduct are not unimpeachable [that is, Romish] should be appointed a teacher, and that no book should be used in the schools that contains any thing in opposition to eternal truth" —that is, the tenets of the Romish Church. This action springs from the same instinct which produced the controversy in this State upon the demand of the same sect to have their share of the State school money. Shrewd sectarian leaders know that if they can control the schools they can mould the minds of ductile scholars. They also know that the influence of a wholly unsectarian school is adverse to the supremacy of any sect.

If one sect should receive as a sect its share of the public school money so must every other. The consequences of such a policy are evident. The only safe rule in this country is to insist upon the absolute divorce of Church and State. Leave to every sect unbounded liberty of thought and action, except to interfere with the equal liberty of other sects and of the State.

THE MAYORALTY.

AT the late election the Republican vote in this city was about twenty-five thousand; the combined Democratic vote was about eighty-five thousand, divided quite equally between the two factions of Tammany and Mozart. The Republicans therefore hold the balance of power, and nothing more. They can not elect a Mayor; but they can decide between the two Democratic candidates.

Those candidates are JOHN T. HOFFMAN and FERNANDO WOOD. They are both strictly party men, and have received party nominations. Mr. HOFFMAN is a man of unblemished character; a judge who did not hesitate to enforce the full rigor of the law against the rioters of 1863, and a Mayor who has shown himself officially ready to respect the laws of the State which he individually disapproves and opposes. As a leading Tammany politician his political associations are not the purest conceivable, but even FERNANDO WOOD, in his late speech, concedes that Mr. HOFFMAN has not derived any personal pecuniary advantage from those associations. He is undoubtedly the most reputable Democratic Mayor of later days.

FERNANDO WOOD is the most conspicuous of all notoriously unprincipled politicians in the land. No man has ever dared in this country to make such base appeals to the worst passions of the worst men, nor did he hesitate to array himself against the laws of the State when they restricted his power. He was the most humble slave of the rebel ringleaders, and tried to prostitute his official authority to screen the transport of arms into the Southern States to be used against faithful citizens of the Union. There is probably no man who has done more to debauch the public conscience and degrade public life than FERNANDO WOOD.

One of these men is to be the next Mayor of New York. Our Republican friends have nominated Mr. DARLING, who, like Mr. HOFFMAN, is of high personal character, and who is also a strict party man. But he can not be elected, and every vote cast for him is a vote for FERNANDO WOOD. If Mr. HOFFMAN were not personally honorable—if his policy as Mayor could in any way involve political principles or affect great measures of national policy—if the municipal election were not, by its very nature, removed from the proper sphere of politics—if it were necessary to party organization for other purposes that in a city election

party divisions should be strictly observed, we should agree that the nomination of Mr. DARLING was wise. A third party, however small in numbers, is often necessary to assert and maintain a principle. But that is not the situation in the city election. The duties of a Mayor are not political, and their just fulfillment depends upon his personal probity, experience, and ability. The execution of the laws can not safely be confided to FERNANDO WOOD; they can be to JOHN T. HOFFMAN.

If the choice lay, or could lie, between Mr. DARLING and Mr. HOFFMAN, we should hope to see the former elected. If the policy of Mr. HOFFMAN'S political party could be in the least advanced by his election as Mayor, no man who believes with us that it is most dangerous to the peace and prosperity of the country would favor his election. But it is not so. So little is it so that, under ordinary circumstances, any party man might properly vote for the candidate of the opposite party for Mayor, if he were of better personal character and greater ability than his own party candidate. But when the circumstances are extraordinary—when the question is, whether FERNANDO WOOD or a man of good character, and obedient to the laws, shall be Mayor, there can not be a question what good citizens ought to do.

SPECIE PAYMENTS.

IT is said that as soon as Congress meets the whole financial question will be brought before it at once. The people are pressing it upon the attention of members, and there is good reason to hope that their deliberations may result in the adoption of a policy whose benefits to the whole country shall become speedily visible. Not only are they better informed than they were at previous sessions, but experiment has shown where defects exist and what remedy is likely to prove most efficacious.

It is admitted that the management of the past fiscal year has not given full satisfaction. Secretary M'CULLOCH'S views we believe to be correct in the main; but both the contraction of the currency and the reduction of the public debt have been too rapid for comfort or prudence. Under the policy pursued business has been cramped and disordered, while the reduction of the debt has been accomplished through a surplus revenue raised by excessive taxation. We are avowed advocates of contraction, but we contend that the pressure should be so gentle and gradual as to cause no rupture. We believe it should continue, in such greater or less degree as the state of trade may admit, until the desired limit is reached, and then stop.

What is that limit?

There is a wide difference of opinion as to the amount of currency absolutely needed by the country. Some are in favor of extreme contraction, others of indefinite inflation. It should always be borne in mind that the times have greatly changed since 1860. It is as impossible to return to the specie basis of that date as it is to wipe out the results of the war and restore the Union "as it was." Our population is larger, and the requirements of business greater in proportion; hence we absorb a much larger amount of currency. Besides, prices are constantly rising with the increased gold production here and throughout the world. A gold dollar will nowhere buy as much as it did; we could not expect, with a return to specie payments, to see prices as low as they were formerly. The standard of gold value has actually risen to a point that reduces the present nominal gold premium fully one-half. Now, the Secretary of the Treasury usually keeps $100,000,000 of specie on hand. It might be increased to $150,000,000 and upward. When the amount so held shall bear a proportion to the currency of 25 per cent (which was thought sufficient in specie-paying times), resumption will become tolerably easy, and, we may venture to say, unattended by a crisis of any great severity. The abundance of gold in the country, to say nothing of silver coin (which, not having been exported, remains undiminished), is a feature most favorable to resumption; and the annual production of $100,000,000 ought to keep the existing supply good and prevent any drain upon it.

Another important point to be considered is, that the Treasury notes alone are redeemable in specie. No specie need be provided for the National Bank circulation, because they are redeemable in legal-tender Treasury notes. The whole matter of resumption, therefore, would be solely in control of the Treasurer. He alone would have to look to his ability to maintain *specie* payments; while the Banks would only have to keep legal tenders enough on hand to meet any possible contingency. (Some theorists have clamored to substitute legal tenders for National Bank notes, but they will here perceive how much more difficult a return to specie payments would be under their plan.) The effect of the existing financial system is to make resumption possible at half specie cost. No trifling evidence of the wisdom of its authors was the nationalizing of the currency, by which it became scattered immediately not only to the remotest parts of the Union, but through the adjacent Provinces—thus making a damaging run upon the Treasurer next to impossible. So far removed from the point of issue would most of these notes be, that but a small proportion could be presented for redemption at one time, whether of legal tenders at the Treasury and Sub-treasuries, or of National notes at their respective banks. And it is more than probable that if the Government attempted resumption it would be sustained by the public confidence. The knowledge that $100,000,000 to $150,000,000 of gold were at the Treasurer's disposal for the redemption of legal tenders would make them at once available every where for their specie value; but little disposition would be shown to exchange them for gold; they would circulate freely as specie, and thus a solution of the financial problem would be reached. As soon as general confidence prevailed and became permanent, but a small amount of specie would be required to sustain the currency circulation. In fact, scarcely more gold coin would be seen than now.

Whenever such a condition of the finances is reached as we have suggested, Congress, co-operating with the Treasury and the Banks, has only to fix a period of resumption, and a gradual decline in gold would inevitably follow. The coming year will be more favorable than ever to such a consummation. Increased economy is promised in all branches of the military and civil service; the expense of maintaining the Freedmen's Bureau is to be saved; and if reconstruction should only make such progress as to render military occupation of the South unnecessary, the burdens we now have to bear would be materially lightened. Still, the most important part of the financial question will not be set at rest until it is decided whether we are to go on laboriously reducing the principal of our great debt in the ratio we have heretofore done, or whether the greater portion thereof shall be left to future generations, whose increased population and resources will make them better able to bear it. The latter view is the popular and the rational one. If the preservation of the Union is to bestow blessings upon succeeding generations, those blessings are certainly worth paying for. For ourselves of the present generation, we demand that we shall be taxed no more than is absolutely necessary to meet the current expenses of the Government, to pay the interest on the public debt, and a moderate proportion of the principal.

CLASS PREJUDICE.

IT is one of the unhandsomest aspects of the Democratic party that it devotes itself to the derision of the colored population. From so accomplished and scholarly a gentleman as Senator MURPHY down to the loudest brawler at a Ward meeting there is a disposition to treat the colored man as virtually beyond the pale of humanity. In the Constitutional Convention Mr. MURPHY has seriously argued an essential inferiority of race, and consequent social and political incapacity, and Mr. JOHN VAN BUREN, in his last speech at Albany in the autumn of 1865, said that colored men were chiefly fit to black boots and cut hair. This strain is caught up and echoed with the most disgusting ribaldry, and we wonder that decent and honorable men of the Democratic party can listen to their orators or read their papers without hanging their heads with shame.

If the colored men in the District of Columbia or elsewhere form military companies, they are dangerous and must be suppressed. Why are they supposed to be dangerous? Why must they be suppressed? For the same kind of reason that in the slave States there was a curfew for the slaves, and a midnight guard against them, and the calaboose if any one were found in the streets after nine o'clock. These laws implied a sense of injustice in the minds of their framers. The colored race were unjustly treated; it must therefore be assumed that they would seek revenge at every opportunity. Now these military organizations must be put down. But are they a peculiarly dangerous race? Are they constantly tumultuous and disorderly? No one asserts it. If the public mind were conscious that they were treated with the simple fairness with which every other class of the population is treated, would there be any more disposition to disarm them than any other citizens?

A colored man named LINDSAY in Richmond talks threateningly. LINDSAY is probably a lately emancipated slave. But the colored men do not suffer it to be thought that he speaks for them; and they publicly disclaim his violent speech. It seems to us to show a singular dignity and self-respect upon their part. LINDSAY was what is called an incendiary. He was supposed to instigate violence. Compare now what he said, something about the streets of Richmond running with blood in a certain contingency, with the following from the leading New York Democratic paper upon the morning of the late election:

"Last evening, in the different station-houses of the Metropolitan District, was read by the captain or sergeant in charge an order issued privately to the police by Superintendent JOHN A. KENNEDY, ordering them to refuse obedience to *any* warrant issued by a magistrate for the arrest of inspectors who may illegally interfere with the rights of our citizens in voting. This bad man has already made himself notorious by his utter defiance of the law and public opinion, but it is possible that in this case he may overstep the limits allowed to fellows such as he by the long-suffering citizens of New York. Democrats! watch the Police Superintendent to-day as you go to swell the column of regenerative liberty, and for every time that he dares defy the legal warrant of the Constitutional Magistrate register a complaint for his malefeasance, which, in the total summing up, will weed him from his present office, little weak-kneed tyrant that he is. Watch him, Democrats! Watch JOHN A. KENNEDY."

Such a "conservative" appeal to those who have once nearly killed Mr. KENNEDY for fidelity to the law seems to us, we confess, quite as "incendiary" as LINDSAY'S remarks in Richmond. Had Mr. KENNEDY been assaulted by a mob on election-day, as he was in the riots of 1863, the paper which issued such an inflammatory appeal in the morning would have been morally responsible.

The colored population of this country are here because of the rapacity and cruelty of white men. They have been outraged beyond precedent, beyond conception, and no people known have ever suffered so patiently and nobly. When their masters, stimulated by their political allies at the North, rose in rebellion and left their homes and families literally at the mercy of the long-suffering race, that race did not raise a hand and passed through the terrible ordeal unstained by a crime. Freed by the war, and clinging to the part of the country in which they were born and have lived, they had a right to expect the heartiest sympathy and co-operation from every generous and sagacious American citizen; and they hear from the party which assumes to be especially "Conservative" and peculiarly to reverence the Constitution, the single phrase, more or less amplified, "d—n the nigger!"

All that is asked for them as for other men is a treatment of common fairness and humanity. The crusade of contempt against them will sooner or later recoil upon those who encourage it. No people can accustom itself to despise any class of the population without paying the penalty in a dangerous public demoralization; and the difficulty with the Democratic party in dealing with the actual situation is that its tone instantly assures every sensible man that it can not deal with it fairly. Those citizens who were born in Ireland will remember that many of the loudest assailants of the colored population were formerly as zealous in denouncing "foreigners." The cry, then, was not "negro supremacy," but "Put none but Americans on guard." It was a cry of the same proscriptive spirit. It aimed to make dangerous distinctions among citizens. The party which attempted it had a momentary triumph, and then disappeared amidst utter contempt. Now if any thing is plain it is, that the tendency of our institutions is to give to every body who is subject to the Government and helps to support it a voice in the Government upon equal conditions. Therefore, those who carry into politics the most earnest desire and effort for the education and political equality of all citizens are the true friends of public order and national prosperity.

THE LIEUTENANT-GENERAL'S SPEECH.

THE speech of General SHERMAN to the Society of the Army of the Tennessee is very interesting and very frank. Dogmatic and erratic as he is, his mind is incisive and alert, and he is too ardent and sincere to trim or prevaricate. If any body, therefore, has regarded General SHERMAN as a possible successor of General M'CLELLAN as a candidate for the Presidency, this speech will undeceive him. The orator condemns the rebellion too decidedly for availability. Those who nominated M'CLELLAN in 1864 must now nominate either an open friend of the rebellion, like PENDLETON, or a covert friend like SEYMOUR. It will hardly like to ask those who chuckled over Bull Run to vote for the leader of the march to the sea.

In his speech at St. Louis General SHERMAN begins by recalling the circumstances at the opening of the war, and then enters upon a series of graphic and interesting reminiscences of the great final campaign. He then proceeds to some views upon the philosophy of the struggle. "Surely no men," he says, "ever had a more glorious cause than we." In his general view of the origin of the war he follows Dr. DRAPER, whom he highly praises and whose history he has evidently faithfully studied. The General shows how the supremacy of cotton was due both to Southern fertility and Northern ingenuity; how it became arrogant and rebelled. "Nothing on earth could justify such a rebellion;" but we at the North must not forget our part in the original cause.

The war has stricken us all; but it has materially desolated the Southern States; and the General, after describing the sorrow and ravage of the contest, exclaims:

"How any Southern gentleman, with these facts, plain and palpable every where, staring him in the face, and recorded forever in the book of history, can still boast of his 'Lost Cause,' or speak of it in language other than of shame and sorrow, passes my understanding; and instead of being revived, I know that their lost cause will sink deeper and deeper into infamy as time more keenly probes its hidden mysteries and reveals them to the light of day."

In the future, he continues, we must understand that remedies for suffered grievances must be sought in courts, not upon battle-fields. We must unreservedly trust the great resources of the land and the laws of civilization; and the orator says: "If our friends at the South will heartily and cheerfully join with us in this future course, I, for one, would welcome them back, our equals, but not our superiors, and lend them a helping hand." General SHERMAN ends his speech by speaking of the peaceful dispersion of its great army, its absorption into the mass of industrious citizens, and mentions by name several of his Generals, and the occupations in which they are now engaged.

It is a speech which will very greatly confirm the regard which the country has for the Lieutenant-General. It shows that he is not, as has been alleged, demoralized by political ambition, but preserves the same intellectual and moral independence which attracted the country three years ago. It is not the speech of a Presidential candidate; and it seems to us to show, as General GRANT and General SHERIDAN had already shown, that the three most famous soldiers of the war are still in sympathy with those who sustained them in the struggle.

ITALIAN AFFAIRS.

THE Italian question remains as it was. LOUIS NAPOLEON, as usual, proposes a European Congress. The Italian government protests upon the ground that the temporal rule of the Pope is incompatible with the welfare of Italy, and the Pope himself objects to a conference, probably because he fears the result. GARIBALDI, meanwhile, is a prisoner. The feeling of the Italians is very hostile to France, and VICTOR EMANUEL, who has certainly been in a very difficult position, is apparently out of favor with all sides. The most hopeful sign is the declaration of General MENABREA, the Italian Prime Minister, that the peace of Italy requires the temporal dethronement of the Pope. When that demand, as we said last week, is made by Italians and Catholics authoritatively and unanimously the end will be at hand. The Catholic monarchs can hardly fail to see that the dethronement of the Pope is an advantage for them, because it tends to destroy that foreign allegiance of a powerful part of their subjects, which has always been one of the chief troubles of Europe.

During all the excitement Prussia has been silent. The reason of the silence seems, however, to be plain; for however warmly BISMARCK may desire the unity of Italy under the government of his ally, VICTOR EMANUEL, it would be very unwise for him to appear to support King VICTOR against the Italian volunteers on the one hand, because there can be no Italian unity if the regular government and the Garibaldians are at issue; and, on the other hand, it would be extremely impolitic for Prussia, as a Protestant power, to support the Italian government against the Papal throne. It is a difficulty which Prussia wishes of course to see settled without the necessity of taking part, and the king, therefore, says in his late speech that Prussia is upon friendly terms with all other powers, and that the peace of Europe is not likely to be broken.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

NEWS ITEMS.

GENERAL LOVELL H. ROUSSEAU telegraphs that he reached Sitka, in our new Russian possessions, on October 18; the transfer of the territory followed on the same day, and the protocol was executed on October 26. General Rousseau had reached Victoria on his way to his command at Portland, Oregon, on November 16.

Official returns of the Kansas election show the majority against negro suffrage in the most populous counties is 7568, and against female suffrage 8455.

A brilliant meteoric shower, pronounced by Professor Loomis, of Yale College, superior to that of 1833, was observed in various parts of the United States on Thursday, November 14, at 4 o'clock A.M.

The report of the General Land Office Commissioner shows, among other things, that the United States is 3000 miles in advance of England on our routes to China, Japan, and the Indies. There are 1,400,000,000 acres of public land undisposed of, in which is included our Walrussian purchase; and there are 37,000 miles of railroad already completed, which, counting from the time of commencing to build them, averages 1000 miles a year. There are 17,860 miles in course of construction.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE Roman question remains the exciting topic of Europe, and is still unsettled. The French troops have evacuated Rome, but still occupy Civita Vecchia, though Napoleon has announced himself satisfied that Victor Emanuel intends to enforce the September Convention of 1866. Napoleon has issued a call for a conference of the nations of Europe, including the third-rate powers, for the settlement of the Roman question. Both Victor Emanuel for Italy and the Pope for the Church decline to accept the conference as unnecessary. Several of the powers invited to participate in the conference have expressed doubts of its utility.

Greek dispatches say that the war in Candia has been renewed since the failure of the Turco-Cretan mission.

Mount Vesuvius is at this time in volcanic action more fierce than has ever been previously known.

The King of Prussia, on opening the North German Parliament on November 15, said, that the unity of Germany by the admission of the South German States into the new confederation or empire, and the peace of Europe, had been at once secured. Napoleon, in opening the French Chambers, on November 18, affirmed that France had no further objection to the consolidation of the German States.

The body of Maximilian, of Mexico, has been delivered to Admiral Tegethoff.

WOOD-SAWYERS' TOURNAMENT AT LAFAYETTE, INDIANA.—DRAWN BY C. G. BUSH.—[SEE PAGE 758.]

THE WEST INDIA FLOOD.

ONE of those terrible hurricanes which occasionally occur in the tropics has lately passed across the Gulf of Mexico, laying waste portions of Texas and Mexico, and devastating many of the islands of the West India group. Galveston, Texas, was very much damaged; the destruction at Matamoras and Brownsville was very general; but two houses were left standing in Clarksville; and Bagdad was entirely blown and washed away. In St. Domingo the capital was desolated, and two hundred lives lost; and nearly all the shipping was wrecked. In St. Thomas over sixty vessels were destroyed. The island of Tortola was partly inundated and several persons were drowned, but the island was not submerged and ten thousand lives lost, as at first reported. None of the previous hurricanes which annually prevail there has been so destructive as that of this year.

THE FLOODS IN THE WEST INDIES—INUNDATION OF THE ISLAND OF TORTOLA

CHARLES DICKENS.

"I WAS a young man of two or three-and-twenty, when Messrs. Chapman & Hall, attracted by some pieces I was at that time writing in the *Morning Chronicle* newspaper, or had just written in the old *Monthly Magazine* (of which one series had been lately collected and published in two volumes, illustrated by Mr. George Cruikshank), waited upon me to propose a something that should be published in shilling numbers—then only known to me, or, I believe, to any body else, by a dim recollection of certain interminable novels in that form, which used to be carried about the country by peddlers, and over some of which I remember to have shed innumerable tears before I had served my apprenticeship to Life.

"When I opened my door in Furnival's Inn to the partner who represented the firm, I recognized in him the person from whose hands I had bought, two or three years previously, and whom I had never seen before or since, a paper—in the 'Sketches' called *Mr. Minns and His Cousin*—dropped stealthily one evening at twilight, with fear and trembling, into a dark letter-box, in a dark office, up a dark court in Fleet Street—appeared in all the glory of print; on which occasion I walked down to Westminster Hall, and turned into it for half an hour, because my eyes were so dimmed with joy and pride that they could not bear the street, and were not fit to be seen there. I told my visitor of the coincidence, which we both hailed as a good omen; and so fell to business."

The author who writes this is Charles Dickens. The event occurred in the year 1836, and Mr. Dickens was then twenty-four years old. The business to which he and Mr. Hall fell resulted in the appearance of the first number of the "Pickwick Papers," and a new era in English literature. There is something very pleasant, something peculiarly agreeable to young persons who have just dropped into the post-office their timid offering to some awful magazine, in this simple story of the exquisite delight of the youth who saw himself in print in a periodical which he revered, and was compelled to hide his glistening eyes in Westminster Hall. And can it be possible that this youth, who ran through the London streets in the twilight, clutching his precious prize, is the famous author, now fifty-five years old, of whom we read in the late papers that "At the farewell dinner given last Saturday evening at Freemasons' Hall, in London, to Mr. Charles Dickens, prior to his departure for America, Lord Lytton occupied the chair, and the following gentlemen officiated as stewards: Earl Russell, the Earl of Shaftesbury, Lord Houghton, Alfred Tennyson, Mr. Gladstone, Robert Browning, Sir Roderick Murchison, Sir Edwin Landseer, the Dean of St. Paul's, Professor Owen, A. H. Layard, Thomas Carlyle, Wilkie Collins, John Forster, J. A. Froude, Charles Knight, W. C. Macready, John Murray, B. W. Proctor (Barry Cornwall), Anthony Trollope, and the Lord-Chief-Baron Kelly." What stewards! And what a guest! And what a dinner it must have been! Are the stewards waiters? Did the Dean of St. Paul's hand the soup, and Thomas Carlyle the fish, and John Murray the roast, and Mr. Gladstone the boiled, and Alfred Tennyson the *pâtisserie*, Professor Owen the pudding, and the Lord-Chief-Baron Kelly the old Stilton? And as the honored guest, to whom this illustrious host of famous men offered the banquet, looked down the tables, and thought of them and of himself, did his eyes fill as in Westminster Hall, and with a purer pleasure?

It is in the very height of his renown that Mr. Dickens makes his second visit to America. Those who look at our admirable and accurate portrait, and who recall the Boz of twenty-five years ago, will hardly recognize in this mature and thought-worn, even care-worn face, the blooming countenance of the young man with fresh cheeks, large, dark eyes, and flowing and abundant dark hair, in whose honor the ball at the old Park Theatre was given, and attended by every body. What a simple folk we were! We could no more give such a ball to any body now than we could annihilate the twenty-five intervening years. The old theatre was curiously changed for that great occasion. The pit—theatres had pits in those days—was of course floored over, and the balustrades of the various tiers of boxes were covered with canvas, and the ornaments painted upon it were representations of little libraries, and shelves of books, and piles and groups of books, with all the titles very plainly lettered, and they were all "Pickwick," and "Oliver Twist," and "Nicholas Nickleby." During the evening, from time to time, there were tableaux, and all the tableaux were scenes from the works of the immortal guest. And all the managers had ribbons suggestive of the great novelist. And when he came in, there was such a tremendous rushing and squeezing that those of us who wore costly lace and delicate dresses wished we had left them at home. Mr. Dickens indulged in a red waistcoat upon the occasion, and we have been always of the opinion that it added greatly to the splendor and festivity of the evening. He was very quiet and modest, yet not without a sly twinkle sometimes in his eye, as if, like his Captain Cuttle, he were making a note of every thing. And, indeed, what could a young man do in the focus of such public adulation? We complained bitterly that he made fun of us. But think of what he did *not* say! Think how comical it really was, and then imagine what it must have been to the greatest humorist living! We do not mean it was any thing to be ashamed of in itself; but the manner was droll. Yet, let the manner go. It was a good thing to show that if elsewhere cities and countries arose to honor kings and princes, worthy or unworthy, it was the great author whom we saluted with childlike enthusiasm. One, at least, of the youngest of the guests at the famous Boz ball remembers it and its occasion with complacency when he recalls the visit of George IV. to Edinburgh, and the banquet, and the request of Sir Walter Scott—of all men in the world!—that he might preserve the precious glass from which the sacred royal lips had drunk the toddy!

Mr. Dickens is not a Londoner born. He was born at Portsmouth on the 7th of February, 1812, and when he was a boy of three or four years old his father, who had held an office in the Navy Pay Department, became a reporter for the London newspapers. He intended Charles for an attorney, and he passed some time in an office, where he evidently kept his eyes and ears open. But he read literature rather than law, and following the leading of his taste and preference he, too, became a newspaper critic and reporter. He wrote for the *True Sun* and the *Morning Chronicle*, and it was in the latter paper that he published the series of "Sketches" of low London life, by *Boz*. This whimsical signature he had adopted from the nickname of a petted younger brother, whom Charles called Moses in honor of the Vicar of Wakefield, "which," he says, "being facetiously pronounced through the nose became Boses, and being shortened, became Boz." It was this series of sketches which led to the interview with Mr. Hall, which he has recorded. Since then the events of his life have been the publication of his stories.

With the beginning of the year 1846 he became editor of the *Daily News*, the liberal journal which was then started, and in this his "Pictures from Italy" were published. But he did not remain long in the daily editorial harness, although since 1850 he has been the conductor of a weekly periodical, first *Household Words*, and now *All the Year Round*. The editorship of these magazines, with the writing of his novels and all the other work which must inevitably fall upon a man so conspicuous, shows that he is a most faithful laborer. But a recently published letter speaks of his health as perfectly robust. Mr. Dickens lives at Gads-hill, some twenty miles or more from London, and he frequently walks into the city, which he and Macaulay and Dickens's old and warm friend, John Forster, the historian, are said to have known more thoroughly than any men of their time. Like all English authors, he often slips over to the Continent (oh, brother-penmen, think of Paris as near as Boston!), with the utmost refreshment both for himself and for his readers. To his thoughtful observation in France and of French history we owe his "Tale of Two Cities," which in this country was first published in this paper, and which is one of the most powerful of his works, and a terribly vivid chapter of real history. The hidden springs, the essential character, the social aspect and condition of France just before and during the Revolution, are nowhere more wonderfully exposed than in this story; and its conclusion is one of the most profoundly pathetic passages in English literature.

Mr. Dickens now comes among us to devote some three months to the readings which have become very celebrated. They are a kind of dramatic monologue, wholly original and unique, and of prodigious effect. They are another illustration of his extraordinary and exuberant genius. For Dickens is not a writer of books merely. The force which is displayed in them is hardly less striking in other forms. His acting is so good that the spectator is ready to wish he had never done any thing else; while the sparkling geniality of his nature is a well-spring of delight to his social companions. How well we remember a dinner at the artist Cattermole's, in London, some years since. He lived in a suburb, and at considerable distance from a garden or park in which the manager of the Italian Opera that day gave a feast, at which Mr. Dickens had promised to be present. But he had also promised Cattermole to be at his dinner. The guests assembled and the dinner-hour came, but still the host waited for Mr. Dickens. When, however, it was pretty evident that it was impossible to wait longer, the company descended to the dining-room. There was an obvious shadow upon the feast, a palpable depression of disappointment. Every body had counted upon something which had not appeared, and the dinner proceeded as it were under a cloud. But after an hour a ring was heard, and a bright look of expectation lightened along the table. The next moment there was a noise overhead in the hall, as if a party of boys had arrived at home for the holidays. It came nearer, and there was a jolly clattering down stairs. The door opened, and a universal smile of the reviving table saluted the long-delayed guest, who came in with his friend John Forster. From that moment the feast was gay; and when the ladies rose and left the table and the children came in, they ran to Dickens as a familiar friend. He seated them upon his knees, told them stories, and drew grotesque figures upon their slates, until they shouted and roared, and the good magician vowed that if they did not stop he would pull an enormous sugar-plum out of his pocket and shoot them in the mouth.

Thackeray, who was the only contemporary of Dickens's who ever seriously disputed his laurels, pays the most generous tribute to him in his lecture upon Charity and Humor. Nor does he forget this fondness for children: "As for this man's love of children," says Mr. Thackeray, "that amiable organ at the back of his honest head must be perfectly monstrous. All children ought to love him. I know two that do, and read his books ten times for once that they peruse the dismal preachments of their father." And to Dickens's immense and genial sympathy Mr. Thackeray does full justice. It really seems as if by his early Christmas books Dickens had revived the true, kindly, Christian, Christmas spirit. They all make peace and good-will to all men the plainest and most pressing duty and pleasure. "Was there ever," says Thackeray, "a better charity sermon preached in the world than Dickens's 'Christmas Carol?' I believe it occasioned immense hospitality throughout England; was the means of lighting up hundreds of kind fires at Christmas-time; caused a wonderful outpouring of Christmas good-feeling; of Christmas punch-brewing; an awful slaughter of Christmas turkeys, and roasting and basting of Christmas beef."

And now he comes to wish us a merry Christmas, and to help us to have it. He comes to set the chimes ringing and murmuring; the bells of a thousand happy associations, tender memories, sweet hopes, and bright faith. He comes as the chief of living lay-preachers, who from books as from high pulpits, and to Christendom as a congregation, preach the great, true, original, and eternal Gospel of love to God and love to man.

CHARLES DICKENS.

A WELCOME TO DICKENS.

I'M told the ship is waiting, Boz, to bring you to the land
Where once we pressed so eagerly to clasp your genial hand.
You'll find the same kind people, Boz, that welcomed you before,
Save many hundred thousand souls that walk the dreamless shore;
For Time and War have thinned our homes; yet still enough remain
To dine you to your heart's content, and pour the flattering strain.

You'll find us somewhat altered, too; for twenty years, or more,
Have wrinkled brows and withered hopes since last you trod our shore;
Another growth of manhood now shall greet you with delight,
As hearty and as generous, but not so fulsome, quite.

Your "Notes" are mostly honored, Boz; for neither Age nor Youth,
In this fair land of equal rights, repudiates the truth.
Some thought them most ungrateful, Boz; but *we* do not complain
If vulgar men and parasites incur thy just disdain.
'Tis true you run as fierce a muck beneath Britannia's glance,
And gore her knaves and silly lords with just as sharp a lance:
The Barnacles that fatten on the needy peasant's corn,
The Chadbands that belie their God have felt thy blighting scorn.
But honest, virtuous people, Boz, of high or low degree,
A kindly heart, a friendly hand, have ever found in thee.
You could not spy among our men (this truth you will admit)
A demon Quilp, nor "'umble" Heep, nor Jonas Chuzzlewit.
You did find many a worthless "Brick" to hurl about our ears,
But none, save Britain's lettered Isle, could furnish you with Squeers.
You found our ranting Pograms, Boz, our Colonel Divers, too;
But Pecksniff grew on your own soil, a loyal son and true.
Had you but sought with earnest will, you'd learned that London fogs
Are not the only climate breeds a Cheeryble and Noggs.
And you must own, my charming Boz, whene'er you wish to sketch
A villain of the deepest dye, the most abandoned wretch,
You draw from your own countrymen, and find in every class
Ralph Nicklebys and Riderhoods, and Billy Sikes and Brass.

We own thy vast magnetic power, we feel its mystic spell,
And shake our sides at Swiveller, and weep for little Nell.
We love thy beauteous offspring, Boz—we love them one and all—
And we bedew with frequent tears the grave of little Paul;
Our very souls are tempest-torn while we look down upon
That mournful scene where pitying Death with lonely Jo "moves on;"
What anger mingles with our grief to see old Betty fly
In terror from the Poor Law's grasp, and in defiance die.
And then what boisterous merriment shakes every bosom when
Micawber—dear, delightful sage!—takes up his graphic pen.
And Weller!—sly, sagacious Sam!—what peals of laughter greet
Both sire and son, as that droll pair come swaggering up the street.

The sparkling wit, the genial warmth, that in thy pages glow,
Have sweetened all the toils of life, and solaced half its woe;
And since the silver-throated Swan that sang by Avon's shore,
Nor bard nor author e'er has been whom we have honored more.
And though some few can not forget that hard, deserved blow
You dealt your over-civil host some twenty years ago,
The many love you fondly, Boz: we love the very quill
That traced the noble Peggotty, and drew the "Orphan's will."

So, board the anxious vessel, Boz, and hasten to our land,
With that illustrious progeny that sprang at thy command:
Miss Summerson, and Ada Clare, and dear Kate Nickleby,
Sweet Florence, Agnes, Lizzie, Bell, and Caddy Jellyby—
The cautious Bunsby, grave and wise, and Copperfield—(but he
Is but yourself personified)—must with you cross the sea.
And don't leave Little Dorrit, Boz; that sweetly-pensive face
Among your splendid retinue must have its quiet place.
And bring Inspector Bucket here, to teach our dull police
To ferret out the "Whisky Frauds," our rev'nues to increase.
And we would have Mark Tapley, too, our hearts when sad to cheer;
And Captain Cuttle, to "make note" of all your doings here.
The Charitable Grinder, Boz, must with his parent rove;
In spite of his ingratitude we like that saucy "cove."
Bring all the noble fellows, Boz, the gallant ship will hold,
But you must leave behind your "Brass," if you would have our gold.
We're rather short this present time, but meet all just demands;
And Seward says our Russian farm will double on our hands.
And there's the *Alabama* claim;—I wish you'd tell John Bull
To settle up that little bill, and take receipt in full.
'Tis just; and we're in want of coin:—if you will bring it o'er,
We'll press you to our hearts, and cry, like Oliver, for "more."
But should this business harass you, then let the matter rest;
Some other day we'll try ourselves to have the wrong redressed.
Our debt to *thee*, my genial Boz, our wealth can never pay,
Across our lonely war-scathed hearths thy genius sheds its ray;
And in thy treasured volumes, Boz, the stricken mother finds
The tender thoughts, the sympathies for which her bosom pines.
Come over, then, beloved Boz, and taste again our wine;
We've forty million grateful hearts, and every one is thine.
Come, at our cordial greeting, come, and tarry with us late;
God bless the ship with prosperous gales that bears so dear a freight!

F. J. Parmenter.

THE WOOD-SAWYERS' TOURNAMENT.

The base-ball excitement which has prevailed to such an excess in the East appears also to have affected our Western friends, and the little town of Lafayette, Indiana, boasts three clubs, each possessing a champion nine. Lately some anonymous writer in one of the papers of that town, not having the fear of "base-ballists" before his eyes (and probably coinciding with Mr. Horace Greeley, who believes in giving prizes to the *worst* base-ball players, inasmuch as their want of skill at the outdoor sports indicates a more commendable love of home and fireside), cast a slur upon the national game, and suggested to the various clubs that if they needed physical exercise they had better turn their attention to sawing wood for the poor. Mr. Hatcher, a prominent member of one of the clubs, known as the "Hoosiers," at once donated nine cords of hard wood—maple and hickory, and the "Hoosiers" challenged any nine in the city to a contest, and more particularly challenged the Christian Association—not a base-ball club, by-the-way. Dr. Jewett, on behalf of the Young Men's Christian Association, followed with a donation of the same number of cords of the same character of wood. Two other gentlemen followed these offers with similar donations on behalf of the base-ball clubs, the "Independent" and the "Fenians." The tournament came off on November 1, and resulted in the complete triumph of the "Hoosiers," who have been declared the champion wood-sawyers of the world. The "Independent" club was ruled out on the score that its wood was all soft, and the "Fenians" were barred because they allowed outsiders to assist too freely, and for not sawing the wood thoroughly. The athletic "Hoosiers" and the muscular "Christians" sawed honestly through nine cords of wood each, the former being declared "champions" and easy winners "by half a cord."

The result of the contest, which we illustrate on page 756, was summed up as follows: About $300 in hard cash from the admission fees, sale of saws, etc., thirty-six cords of nicely-sawed wood, seventy-two blistered hands, thirty-two lame backs, and thirty-six pairs of sore legs.

Our illustration is from photographs furnished by W. L. Smith of Lafayette.

A LIFE WATCH.

We do many foolish things in early life. I did what the world esteems a very foolish thing—married for love. Harry and I were equally poor, and the affronted world turned its back upon us. The wealthy heads of both houses, determining to give us leisure to repent after having married in haste, left us to ourselves. Harry obtained, through an old friend of the family, a situation as clerk in a mercantile house in the City. The salary was a small one, and many a shift and contrivance was endured by us in those days. And yet we were very happy. Like an obstinate fond young couple, we refused to learn the lesson our offended elders set us, and we would not repent, but struggled on through the battle of life in the ranks with the rest. Yes, I am proud to say that we fought and conquered. Now that our mansion is built in the favored locality of the West; now that I rumble along streets in my carriage that I have trodden once burdened with galoches and umbrella, when the weather would not smile, however much we smiled at Fate; now that, among not a few good and true and tried friends, many throng to our gay parties who would not then have condescended to cross our threshold—now I can look back and call to mind many an incident of our early life with pleasure. There is one story, however, mixed up with those days that is fraught with inexplicable horror. And that is the story I have promised to relate. I must premise that we considered it—in those early and struggling days—a rise in life when we took a small cottage at Hampstead, with woodbine growing over the door, and resolved to eke out the very moderate rent by the assistance of a lodger. It was a rise, because we had previously occupied apartments, and one who has not experienced similar feelings can hardly fancy with what joy we hailed the idea of dwelling at last under a roof of our own.

We entered into possession of our cottage, and then came our lodger, through the ready intervention of the *Times*, in the shape of a lady, and a singular one. We took her to be about fifty years of age. She was a tall, fine woman, but not graceful because of a remarkable rigidity in her movements. Her step was slow, measured, and dull, and as she trod her foot never seemed to leave the floor. There was no rebound, no pliancy in her gait, which seemed rather that of a statue on wheels than of a creature throbbing with the pulses of life. Her hair was thick, but entirely gray; she arranged it simply and neatly, without ornament and without a cap, but also with a total absence of style. Her face was ashen pale and deeply lined. She came late at night in a cab, and my one servant remarked to me how curious it was that she, being evidently a lady, rode outside next the driver. I thought it very extraordinary, but the fact soon glided out of my memory as too trivial to retain a place in it. When I say "glided out of my memory," I am using an incorrect expression. It rather slid into some remote, unused corner, to be furbished out again at any distant time, like the present, when it might be wanted as one of the small colored bits that fit into the puzzle of my eccentric lodger's horrible story.

She came outside the cab, dressed in an old barathea gown, a black cloak and bonnet, and an impervious close gauze veil of the same sombre hue, which she held about her face as if that were a secret enemy every one was curious to detect, and she terribly interested to conceal. There was a large box upon the top of the cab. It was of very old-fashioned make, and evidently originally designed as an addendum to a traveling-carriage. The exterior was covered with leather, bound with iron, studded with nails, and secured with a big foreign lock, supplemented by a clumsy hasp. It was not unlike its owner—old, worn, and of a rusty black. The great handles clanked as the man lifted it with difficulty and due assistance to the ground. It was not easy to get it up stairs. Did it contain books, that it was so weighty? It evidently held something very precious to the owner, for she watched its ascent with strained eyes; and judging from the nervous interest she appeared to take in it, I did not doubt she had ridden outside to be near her treasure, and selected the time of night on purpose to do so. When the box was fairly up stairs she sat down upon it and remained there. Within the cab we found only a small portmanteau.

She had given no name when answering our advertisement, but simply forwarded a stamped envelope addressed to "Alpha, Post-office, Dover." Kitty, the servant girl, asked if she would like some tea, and also by what name she should address her.

"I will take tea, thank you," was the reply, in a half absent, slow, inward tone peculiar to her. "My name is of no consequence. What am I to call you?"

"Kitty, if you please."

"Very well, then, Kitty, you will have occasion to address me in no other manner than as 'Madam,' or, as you will pronounce it, 'Ma'am.'" And with that she gave Kitty a month's rent and asked for a receipt. "Money is better than a name," she added, in her listless, slow way, muttering to herself, "What is my name to them? what *is* my name?"

As it appeared to vex her, and really did not matter to us, we asked the question no more, but spoke of her as "the lady up stairs." She was evidently eccentric. Sometimes she would walk round the garden in the twilight, covered with her gauze veil, and holding it in a tight, nervous grasp with a gloved hand, as she did the night when she came, her eyes apparently seeking the window of her room with a suspicious restlessness, which appeared to be a part of her eccentricity.

It appeared that the lady's portmanteau contained only a change of linen, originally fine and trimmed with costly lace, but now most elaborately but neatly mended. Besides this, a thimble, scissors, needle and thread, and the dress she arrived in, our lodger might have been destitute. Yet the large, heavy box must contain something. But though the object of so much solicitude, we could never discover that she opened it. It was placed in such a position as to be visible from both rooms. During the day she always sat upon it. In the morning, when Kitty took in her can of hot water, the lady was ever awake, lying on her side, with her eyes fixed upon her precious box.

When first this quiet but eccentric inmate entered our house she had with her a roll of banknotes and a case of valuable jewels. Although she barely allowed herself the necessaries of life, the former were changed away one by one, until at last, at her request, Harry procured a purchaser for her trinkets, at a fair price, through the intervention of a friend.

The budding months blossomed into years and fructified into the seed that is sown in the eternity of the past, and we knew that the means thus procured were exhausted. We felt deeply interested in our tenant, in spite—perhaps because—of her strange habits, and fell into a custom of conversing together about her as if she had been a friend. If these jewels were her last possessions, what was to become of her? What was a woman of her age to do?

Her age? That was a question. We felt some doubts about her age. Kitty, who saw most of her, thought she had not passed so many years in the world as we at first supposed. She appeared to have no friends or acquaintances. No letters came, no visitors called, no post-bag was troubled on her account.

Well! There was that mysterious chest. Our conjectures and anxieties on her behalf always found a refuge and a consolation in that. It must contain something. It was the hope, the *Ultima Thule*, of our fancies—the sword with which we cut the Gordian knot of our perplexities.

"Depend upon it," Harry remarked, "the box holds plate—you remember how heavy it was. Or perhaps it contains diamonds of greater value and more in number than those I sold some time ago."

Our speculations regarding the age of the lady were set at rest by the arrival of the census. Armed with the formidable paper, I rapped gently at the drawing-room door.

"Come in," responded the low, dull, measured voice.

I entered and explained my errand. "Shall I leave the paper with you?" I suggested.

"My writing might be—" She commenced as if thinking aloud, and stopping suddenly upon remembering that she was no longer alone. Turning on me her eyes—peculiar gray eyes, that looked as if she never slept or wept—she added, "Will you have the goodness to add the particulars for me?"

"The name?" I inquired, dipping a pen in the ink.

"What is yours?" was the counter question.

"Mary Herbert."

"Write Martha Herbert then; that will do."

I looked inquiringly. "You know there is a penalty?"

"Yes; but the name is of little consequence—the name of a lone woman. I have given you a name; will you not write it?"

I said no more, but inscribed the paper as directed. But the appellation was evidently feigned.

"Your age?"

"Twenty-eight."

The pen actually dropped from my hand as she said twenty-eight, and I looked up very quickly.

"Nay," she replied, meeting my gaze, and without altering her monotonous tone, "that is the simple truth. Are you very surprised? I suppose with my white hair I look an old woman."

"I can hardly believe, my dear Madam, that you are not mistaken," I ventured to remonstrate.

"I have given you reason to doubt me, perhaps; but I have answered your query with regard to age truly. I am but eight-and-twenty—barely eight-and-twenty."

Good Heaven! thought I, what can have been the circumstances of your life that your hair is gray, your face thus lined, yourself all but turned from a being of flesh and blood to a thing of stone?—that you are thus self-immured and solitary, that you shun our society, and have refused all our efforts at kindness? We had gathered even from her scanty denials of our offers of amusement that she was a linguist, a musician, an artist; and yet there she sat all day, on that chest, nursing her hands, or at most adding a darn to her worn linen.

The census further told me that she was born in the parish of St. George, Hanover Square, and was a widow. Harry and I talked about her more than ever. We knew that she had spent all the money obtained for the jewels, even on her frugal wants. For two weeks she had paid no rent, ordered no food. We knew not what to do; whether or not to speak to her, or, if we spoke, what to propose.

It was Monday morning, and we were seated at breakfast, when Kitty hurried in and told us that the lady up stairs was in a fit. I ran up, begging Harry himself to hasten for a doctor. The girl had spoken truly. The fit was not fatal; but the poor woman lay unconscious for days. When her reason returned it was evident that she was rapidly sinking. The doctor informed us she had only a few hours to live. There were no friends to summon; and vain were my persuasions to induce her to see a clergyman, to confess any faith, or acknowledge connection with any church or sect. I sat by the bedside I had not quitted day or night since her illness. After lying quiet some time with her hand in mine, she at last said, feebly, "Open my portmanteau and take out the book." I took the key she offered, and obeyed by bringing to her bedside a common clasped account-book, the only one I saw.

"You have shown me kindness. You have appeared interested in me. I have yearned to make you my friend. But my secrets are such as during life could be confided to none. I have written them there for you. Promise me not to open that book till I am dead."

I gave my word, and, in obedience to her request, put the book into my pocket.

"My gray hair, my wrinkled face, my twenty-eight years—you will understand them; but will you feel pity?"

She was sinking rapidly like a sun at eventide; and I pressed upon her again my request to read from my Bible the words of One whose mercy and forgiveness were more needed than mine.

She consented. I read for some time, and thought the words were comforting, when she started up, her manner wild, her eyes starting. "Look! look! look!" she cried, pointing with her forefinger and white-draped arm to the iron-bound chest—"look! look! look!" and with a low cry the poor lady sank back on her couch dying. The struggle was soon over, and all was quiet.

"Look! look! look!" What had she seen? What vision had fancy, or conscience, or sudden delirium roused before her? I know not. I saw only the large, dark chest in the place where it had ever rested—dull, shabby, and cumbrous.

We were worn out and tired, and glad to retire early to bed. I do not know how long Harry and I had been asleep when we were startled by a heavy noise in the room underneath. Harry sprang up and seized the night-light. Surely it is the lid of the heavy chest suddenly slammed, and there are thieves in the house, thought I, as I ran after my spouse, lest there might be danger for him alone, and just as if a feeble woman in her night-array, like myself, could be any protection. In moments of sudden fear we do not stay to reason, but act upon impulse. In another moment we stood in the double chamber below. It was untenanted, save by the dead. The great box stood as I had last seen it. I tried the lock; it was quite secure. We called up Kitty, and searched the house; bolts, bars, and locks were all intact. Then we began to reason how absurd we had been to suppose that thieves would slam a box-lid, or make a noise loud enough to wake the inmates of a house had they entered. We could not sleep any more that night, but dressed ourselves and sat up, watching; and Kitty lighted a fire, prepared some tea, and shared our folly. The truth is, we had all been fagged and distressed, and our nerves were unstrung. As for the noise, it was one of those mysterious sounds never accounted for, but cast among "things not generally known" even to the inquiring mind of a Timbs.

In the morning the doctor called in to see us, as he had promised to do, and with him and Kitty as witnesses we determined to open the chest or box and relieve our minds of doubt as to what it contained. There might be property—in fact we had no doubt but what there was—and possibly traces of family connections, or friends with whom we ought to communicate.

The key was turned; the lid raised. The ticking of a bed, old, yellow, and discolored, was folded over the contents. As we essayed to remove it, it fell to fragments in our hands, disclosing—good Heaven!—such a sight as eyes have rarely rested upon. Kitty shrieked; I almost fainted, and Harry involuntarily caught me in his arms. Even the doctor blanched, and fell back a step or two. For there lay, under the fragments of the old ticking, the remains of a man. Little more than a skeleton, little more than a heap of rags, and more or less mouldy dust, hidden among which was a costly watch

and chain, a set of studs, and a diamond ring of very great price—trinkets whose value would have kept the lady who lay dead in comfort for two or three years.

Who was this man? and what the motive that led to this strange inclosure of his body? Were the remains those of a husband from whom, like Queen Jane, she could not part? or was it the body of a murdered man—a guilty lover—a jealous spouse, thrust from sight and concealed at the expense of a life watch? This was the secret of the eccentricity of the woman who had kept ghastly companionship under our roof so long.

I remembered her book, and putting my hand into my pocket pulled it forth; for in the solemn hour of death, during the grief and fatigue that followed, and the subsequent foolish alarm of the night, I had forgotten it. Closing the lid over the ghastly spectacle, turning the key in the lock, and securing also the chamber-door was the work of a short time; and afterward we gathered in our little parlor together, to learn the terrible facts which Harry read us, and which I here copy from

THE CONTENTS OF THE CLASPED VOLUME.

I know not whether I am mad or sane. I know not whether I was mad when I did it. There is madness in our family. My mother died raving mad. The old earl, my grandfather, was methodically mad, and was kept under disguised restraint in his ancestral mansion, that the world might not know it. But it oozed out, as things concealed usually do, with exaggerations. If I am mad I was not accountable for it, and can not be judged for it. And if I am sane I have expiated it by a long life watch of cruel and horrible self-torture. To live all my days in a house converted into a mausoleum; to be condemned to sit upon a grave as upon an arm-chair; to be encumbered every where with a tenant who should be in the tomb; to sit alone with death; to eat side by side with a skeleton; to taste food out of a red hand, and have a red sky ever before me—are parts of my punishment. I never see a blue sky or a gray distance. Every thing has a sanguinary haze over it, as if I looked through spectacles of flame-color. And yet I did not shed blood—ah no, I did not do that.

I have formed a friendship for this woman, and I should like to talk to her; yet I can not divulge my secret. She seems to love her husband; yet not as I loved mine. As I loved him? As I do love him—passionately, wildly, fearfully, madly, so that I can never take my gaze off his coffin; so that I rise in the darkness and silence of the night to kiss and embrace the cold wood; and I feel my passion and my remorse eating out my heart. I can not weep. I never shed a tear now, as I never shed a tear then. My grief is cold and tearless, as my rage was cold and tearless, and my happiness cold and tearless, when he lived. Outwardly, only outwardly. Within I was and am a human volcano, and the fire is consuming my heart and brain, sense and being, slowly, slowly—Heaven, how slowly! It is retribution.

In my girlhood I was beautiful, and gifted with extraordinary talents. Whatever I undertook I mastered. I studied astrology, and cast my nativity. I saw the doom then, but did not comprehend it. Could we literally know the future, of what use would it be? Should we be warned, advised, or guided? No! Doom is doom, and we should rush on blindly toward it.

In every accomplishment I excelled. And yet I was but fifteen years of age, living in retirement at a country seat with my governess, when I met my beloved Carlo. I was sketching the stump of a tree in a grove, he out with dog and gun. Our eyes met with a flash of light, and we loved each other. He was so handsome a heathen might have thought him a deity descended from the clouds. His hair was fair, rich, and waving, over eyes blue as skies, set in a complexion more delicate, if possible, than my own. His voice was soft, rich, and manly. He had traveled, and was as well-read as myself. I did not discover all this at first. But we loved as our eyes met. Then we were impelled to speak. We walked home and saw my chaperon—an interview which resulted in his seeking my father, whose parliamentary duties yet held him in London. No parent could object to such an unexceptionable match as Carlo; but an obstacle existed on his side, whose father, Lord —— (I will betray no names, not even to her I fancy my friend; but for the credit of those so unwillingly related suppress all nomenclature, and carry shame and crime alone to the grave)—Lord —— refused to sanction his son's union with the daughter of a lunatic, the grandchild of an idiot.

But Carlo and I were mad for love. We met; we eloped; we married, and fled to the Continent to avoid the reproaches and interference of angry parents.

After I had consented to elope I looked round our place for a receptacle wherein I might pack the few clothes I intended to take with me. In the coach-house I saw the old box or chest destined to play so awful a part in my wretched story. I contrived to deposit what I needed unobserved; and in the silence of night, when all slept, I aroused the young groom, who slept over the stable, and offered him a handsome gift of gold, yellow and shining in the light of the lamp I held, if he would harness the horses and take me and that dingy box to where Carlo awaited us.

The coachman, an old family servant, might have refused to drive so young a mistress on so doubtful a journey. But Sam was of an age when such deeds raise sympathy in the breast; so he took his reward, and I, with my box, was hurried from my home.

Weary of traveling, we returned to England, and rented a small house—a mere cottage—not far from Broadstairs, where, as we thought, we ran little risk of being seen by any one who knew us. My husband, being fond of bathing, sought the shore every morning, and I sat in the garden until he returned.

We had not been at Broadstairs very long when I fancied that there was a change in his manner. I was certain some secret rested upon his mind, and I became aware, also, that though he sought the shore, he ceased to bathe. Sitting alone with busy thoughts I grew jealous, and determined to watch him; so instead of remaining at home, one day I hurried along a by-road to a part of the esplanade that overlooked the sands. I cast my eyes downward, and saw him walking with a young lady about my own age. After a time they left the sands and walked toward our home. They were too preoccupied to detect that they were followed, but sat down to talk by a quiet bank near a corn-field, where I hid myself among the wheat. I was not near enough to hear his words, to which she listened so earnestly, or hers, on which he seemed to hang with tender interest. I noticed him holding her hands fondly, twining her curls in his fingers; and I observed him print a kiss upon her cheek ere they parted. I watched this day after day, and yet I said nothing. She only passed a few moments each time in his company, as if fearful of being missed by her friends. But was not that enough? was it not too much for a young loving wife to witness?

One morning I noticed a bouquet of flowers, just gathered, lying on the escritoire where he had been writing. Full of suspicion I diverted his glance to another part of the room, and with a hasty glance read the words scribbled upon a slip of paper: "I will meet you at sunset on the sands, and, if your plans are ripe enough, we will leave Broadstairs to-morrow." He returned to his desk, folded the note, and went out with it and the flowers. Could I not guess how the one would be concealed in the other, and for whom? Did I not know the golden-haired siren with the sweet baby-face that had bewitched him?

That morning I spent at home, a wretched prey to love, jealousy, and wrath. At all hazards the sunset meeting must be prevented. Should I charge him with perfidy, upbraid, entreat? Should I prevail? Should I risk failure? No; a thousand times no. As our dinner-hour drew near, a foolish, an evil, a vile idea entered my miserable mind. I was mad then; I know now that I was mad. I laughed when I remembered the laudanum that stood with the hair-oil on the mantle-shelf of my dressing-room. I emptied it into the wine-decanter. Carlo drank wine, but I did not. After dinner he slept. Coffee came up, but still his slumber lasted. It was as I wished. I sat still and smiled. The hours went on slowly. I sent the servants to bed, and the house was very quiet. It grew late, the wax lights—there was no gas—burned down low; he was still sleeping very heavily. One, two sounded—then three. It was broad daylight; and I drew up the blinds, for I was getting restless and alarmed. Daylight was let in, and it fell upon the arm-chair and upon the face of a dead man. I dropped at his feet; I tried to pray, but knelt there wordless and thoughtless. Then surely I was mad—carefully, cunningly, strangely mad. As Heaven is my witness, I had only meant to cause a sleep to stop that meeting and to put off an explanation so bitterly humiliating, so stormy in the aspect of its gathering clouds.

I knelt before my dead husband and laughed. I had no part in the laughter; it was as if the voice of some strange spirit came up through my throat and sounded curiously in my ear. I was aroused suddenly by hearing the servants come down stairs. I was alone with him; and they would say I had murdered him, and the fair girl with the golden hair and the baby's face would stand by and see me strangled out of life on a scaffold. How I found strength for the terrible task I can not tell, but I took Carlo in my arms and carried him into our sleeping-chamber, which adjoined, threw open the windows that led from the dining-room into the garden, and locked myself and my crime away together. I put him on the floor by the great box, and knelt down.

Suddenly an idea came into my head. I opened the box, and taking out my clothing made it into a bundle. There was a closet in the room which I had once opened, and had seen among other domestic curiosities the old ticking of a bed. I took it out and covered it over Carlo, and with the same strange strength lifted him into the box. He was barely dead then, for his limbs were not stiff, and I folded them into the space. Then I locked up the box and dressed, and went in to breakfast. A note lay on the table. It was contained in a little pink envelope, directed in a girlish hand. As my eyes rested upon it my jealousy and anger rushed to life again. I felt glad Carlo was dead. I took up the note which she with the yellow hair and pink face must have sent, and tearing it open read, "Dear Carlo"—dear Carlo! How the letters ran before my eyes! Did *she* dare to call him *her* dear Carlo! Ay, it was there, written upon the pink paper with perfumed ink:

"Dear Carlo,—I have pleaded your cause with papa and mamma, but can not move them; and because they think I must have seen you here, our governess is ordered to bring us all home by the first train to-morrow. But do not despair, for if I can do nothing at present I will yet reconcile them to you some day. I fear I shall not be allowed to write, but in silence and absence do not doubt that I am, and ever shall remain,

"Your affectionate and loving
"Sister."

His sister! Ah! was ever climax so terrible? This, then, must be his favorite sister Edith, of whom he had so often talked, but who was unknown to me. Alas! why had he kept their meeting secret? That, too, was obvious: could he expose me to the mortification of knowing that she was pleading for my recognition by his family, or that he was forced to meet a dearly-loved sister by stealth because he had taken me to be his wife?

And Carlo was dead! I hardly recognized that. Fear was upon me. I must fly, and I must conceal the deed. Twenty miles from my own home a lonely house stood in the midst of a wood. Report called it haunted, and no one of the simple country folk dare approach, far less inhabit it. In a feigned name I wrote to the landlord, and requested he would let it to me, with permission to enter immediately, saying that I was anxious to secure a good house at the low rent I did not doubt he would be happy to accept. I would have given any price for the house, but I wished to give a likely reason, not the true one. My offer was accepted by return of post.

Meanwhile I had told my two servants that their master had left early in the morning for town, whither he wished me to follow him, as we found it necessary to take a long and unexpected journey. I had paid all debts when the landlord's letter came. Hurrying to London I there disposed of our valuable plate and whatever I possessed, except a little linen, a few jewels, and the horrible sarcophagus hereafter my life watch. I was anxious to gain my new abode, as I knew the delays of a day or two would cause detection. But my route was purposely circuitous and broken to baffle any efforts that might be made to trace me, though under the family ban it was likely.

The chest was placed in a large room—a sort of loft—at the top of the house, and after a few preparations had been made by three women who were induced to come together while it was day, and for a large reward, I was left alone. The fact of my having a large box put in the loft excited no suspicion. The conjecture was that it contained books.

There, without servants, without the companionship of a living soul, I dwelt alone for many years, until upon the death of the old landlord a new master of the soil desired to pull the house down. Then with my chest I traveled from place to place, a haunted, restless woman, asking of myself eternally, "Am I sane or mad?"

I had written so much of my history, in this poor cottage at Hampstead, to give it some day to one who has been kind to me; but going over the details of my life has raised in my mind a horrible suspicion, more exquisitely agonizing than all that has gone before—a suspicion, the bare form of which, as it suddenly came before me, cast me into that frenzied fit which has closed the weary life of one who neither wants nor wishes to die—one who only desires to live her vague life on and on, gazing eternally at the sarcophagus. The idea, the certainty so terrible in its nature, is, that Carlo was not dead when I placed him in the chest. Carlo was under the influence of the narcotic, but living—Carlo, my love, my husband, the young and perfect Carlo, put living into the tomb and stifled by his beautiful wife's mad hands; and his young wife of sixteen summers locked up his life and the secret of her crime, and sat down heartlessly beside it to perform her cruel life watch. Let her die.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A Name for a Sensation Novel.—*The Rake's Progress:* by the *croupier* of a gaming-table.

An inquisitive chap asked a soldier with an empty sleeve "how he lost his arm?"

"In a thrashing machine," answered the soldier.

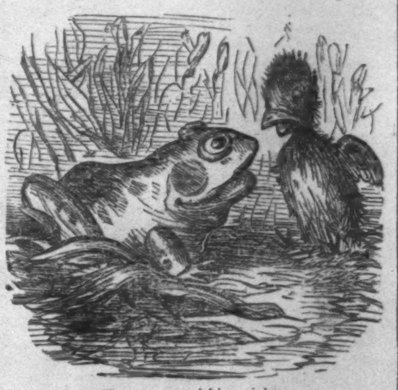
"Were you running the machine?"

"Well, no; General Grant had charge."

From Lively to Severe.—Coming home from a dinner late to one's wife.

THE CAREER OF A TURKEY.

He enters upon this world of trouble.



He sees astonishing sights.

He makes his first acquaintance with his enemy, man.

Time passes, and he is enabled to have revenge.

He gobbles well.

But he is gobbled.

The "Skull Hunters."—Phrenologists.

A lady found occasion to call upon a dentist to have her teeth filled. Among those filled were two front ones; and when in a pleasant mood the lady's face shone with smiles, while polished gold shone from the upper incisors. These were observed with admiration by her little niece, who by-and-by seriously remarked: "Aunt Mary, I wish I had copper-toed teeth like yours!"

A well-known poet sent two poetical letters to the "post-office" of an Episcopal fair at Pittsfield. In one of them the first stanza was:

"Fair lady, whosoe'er thou art,
Turn this poor leaf with tenderest care;
And hush! oh hush! thy beating heart—
The one thou lovest will be there!"

On turning the "poor leaf" there was found a one-dollar bill, with some verses, beginning:

"Fair lady, lift thine eyes and tell
If this is not a truthful letter:
This is the one (1) thou lovest well,
And naught (0) can make thee love it better (10)."

"Contraction and expansion are convertible terms as applied to currency," said an inveterate humorist to a financial friend. The friend, as in duty bound, asked, "How so?" The reply came thus: "You admit that our currency is a debt?" The friend nodded. "Well, then, when you contract a currency you contract a debt; which, I take it, is equivalent to expansion. So you see the two things mean the same thing."

There are several works teaching us how to cook an egg in a hundred different ways; how to cook a potato, cabbage, etc., in a hundred different ways; in fact, every thing connected with the culinary art; but we venture to say that if a work could be published showing how to cook accounts in a hundred different ways, it would meet with a most unprecedented sale.

A Morning Call—Milk below.

An old woman was recently tried in England for feloniously taking a pair of boots, and the jury, to the amusement of the court and spectators, returned the following verdict: "*Not guilty, but admonished never to do the like again.*"

THANKSGIVING—A THANKSGIVING DINNER AMONG THE PURITANS.—DRAWN BY J. W. EHNINGER.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

THANKSGIVING—A THANKSGIVING DINNER AMONG THEIR DESCENDANTS.—DRAWN BY W. S. L. JEWETT.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

THE COMING TIME.

The hearts of men are beating
On to the coming time:
The weight of selfishness and sin
That clogged their motion from within—
The rust, forever eating—
The outward frosty rime—
Are passing from each valve and vein,
Though in convulsion and in pain;
And love's pure currents, swift and sweet,
Welled by a stronger, holier beat,
Rise in their banks the flood to meet,
In the heart of the coming time.

The hopes of men are winging
On to the coming time:
In wider rings and longer flights
Up the far future's luminous heights,
From the dark past upspringing,
Their tireless pinions climb.
Old mole-hills, that were mountains, sink;
And high, untrodden ranges shrink;
And summits, all unscaled before,
Lie level as the ocean's floor,
Bathed in the light for evermore
Of the hopes of the coming time.

The thoughts of men are leaping
On to the coming time:
Old wrongs and specious forms of wont
In pallid lines along the front
Vainly their watch are keeping;
Another host sublime
Of truths confront them strong as life,
And see beyond the narrow strife
The flag of freedom overwave
Oppression's slowly-sinking grave
And the forgotten name of slave,
In the thought of the coming time.

The deeds of men are marching
On to the coming time:
The little toils of yesterday
Are but a child's forgotten play:
The stones are rough for arching
The temple of man's prime.
But iron sledges clash and roar
Where velvet hammers clinked before:
Great works the greater strengths beget,
And cooler blows than ever yet
The air on throbbing foreheads wet
With the deeds of the coming time.

MABEL'S PROGRESS.

By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble."

Book VI.

CHAPTER XI.

CONCLUSION.

Two years later the village of Hazlehurst, near Hammerham, was full of excitement early on a bright October morning; and the not very musical bells of the little parish church were doing their best to inform the world, with their tinkling old voices, that a man and woman had then and there been joined together in holy wedlock. It was not a grand wedding, nor even a gay one; but the sun has seldom shone on a bride whose face reflected more quiet happiness and trusting love than did Mabel Earnshaw's, as she stood by Clement's side before the mild old clergyman (Dooley's friend), and repeated after him the solemn words that made her a wife. Yes; they were married. After the death of little Corda—long wept and always lovingly remembered—Clement and Mabel had spoken solemnly together of their future. The sympathy which had united them by the child's dying bed had served to show them how entirely they were one in heart, and how strong was the affection that bound them together. In the passing away of that pure spirit, and the last links that tied it to earth, they had recognized the omnipotence of love, and had acknowledged that without it the world and all that it can give is but dust and ashes. Clement did not swerve from the plain duty that lay before him—the duty of providing a home for his mother and sister. And Mabel, on her part, had no thought of sacrificing those who were dependent on her exertions. "But," said Clement, "we can each work better and more cheerfully, my dearest, when we know that we belong to each other by a solemn engagement."

"Ah, Clement," Mabel made answer, "you are good, and strong, and wise. How much wiser and stronger than the undisciplined girl who once rejected your proffered love from the promptings of a foolish pride!"

By which it may be seen that our heroine, in her progress, had learned some good lessons.

They had made up their minds to wait for years—to wait until Clement's prospects were clear and unencumbered, but an unexpected circumstance had enabled them to marry sooner than they had dared to hope. Mr. M'Culloch proposed to Penelope Charlewood. The old Scotchman had become a frequent visitor at De Montfort Villas, and had observed very shrewdly that the neatness, order, and economy which reigned there were mainly owing to Penny's thrift and energy. Mrs. Charlewood, after Walter's departure—he sailed for Rio Janeiro with a letter for Stephens's brother in his pocket, and many solemn promises of amendment on his lips—sank into a state of almost childishness. Her health was good and her body still active; but her memory deserted her almost entirely, and the only two things in which she took an interest were, first, a letter from her absent boy, and, secondly, the condition of the street-door lock, which she insisted on keeping oiled and cleaned with her own hands.

Mr. M'Culloch, pleased and amused, in the first instance, by Penny's keen repartees and sharp sayings, gradually conceived a great respect and regard for the notable, self-sacrificing, brave woman who was the wise and successful ruler of a little territory, the absolute conditions of whose government were economy, industry, and forethought. How the idea of removing Penny's administrative talents to a wider and less hard-working sphere of action gradually entered into his head it boots not here to tell. But certain it is that he astonished every body very greatly one fine day by soberly and deliberately asking Penelope Charlewood to be his wife, and that she still more astonished every body by accepting him!

"I have bargained that mamma shall always have a home with us, Clem," said Penelope, imparting the unexpected tidings to her brother, with an assumption of great coolness and unconcern, "and you will be free to—to do as you like, and to find your own happiness, Clem, when I am no longer a millstone round your neck, my poor boy; and I hope, Clem dear, that you may be as happy as you deserve to be; and I would wish you a better wish if I knew how, but I don't know how. Dear, good, kind, brave, darling Clem!"

Here Penny's self-possession forsook her, and she clung, sobbing, round her brother's neck.

"My dear, dear sister," he said, embracing her, "I trust you do not consent to this marriage from any consideration such as you hint at. You are no millstone round my neck, Penny, nor have you ever been any thing but my dear, helpful fellow-worker. After these years of loving and living together, I could not bear to resign you to any but a better care and protection than my own can be."

"Clem, I'm very, very fond of you; but while charing and plain sewing are open professions in the land I shouldn't think of marrying a man I didn't care for, even to oblige you. No; the fact is, I have a great regard for Donald—who is, I need not tell *you*, a thoroughly good fellow, Clem—but I would not have left you to marry the best man that ever trod, if I had not plainly seen that—that there was one nearer and dearer ready to take my vacant place, dear."

So it came to pass that Penelope Charlewood became Mrs. Donald M'Culloch, of the Hawthorns, Highgate. And it may here be stated that the marriage proved in all respects a happy and well-assorted one. If Mrs. M'Culloch's nimble tongue occasionally outran the limits of good-humor and discretion in its fondness for sarcastic sayings, her husband merely smiled placidly, and patting her hand—gradually restored to something like its former plump whiteness—observed quietly:

"Hoot, hoot, Penny, woman! We know better. You're the best-hearted creature betwixt the Land's End and John o' Groats. Yer bark's a deal worse than your bite, my lassie!"

Within six months after his marriage Mr. M'Culloch offered his brother-in-law a share in the business, and the style and title of the firm became thenceforward M'Culloch and Charlewood. Clement was thus enabled to offer Mabel a home, not rich or elegant, but comfortable, and above the reach of want. Mrs. Saxelby was installed again in the old cottage at Hazlehurst, newly decorated and somewhat enlarged, and was enabled to keep another servant besides the faithful Betty, who remained with her in the nominal capacity of parlor-maid, but who gradually assumed the position toward her mistress that a prime minister assumes toward a constitutional sovereign. Betty—who enjoyed the immense advantage of being responsible to no parliament—made the laws, and Mrs. Saxelby, with a good deal of pomp and circumstance, indorsed them. And as Mrs. Saxelby extremely disliked the trouble of active government, and Betty much enjoyed it, maid and mistress jogged on together in the most amicable fashion possible. Dooley, now grown strong, and arrived at that glorious stage in life's march when knickerbockers are a part of the daily costume, lived and throve, and was already looking forward to the time when he should be entered at the Hammerham Grammar School, and become a great scholar, and get an exhibition and go to college. All which duly befell. And it has been whispered to me lately, that as soon as Julian Saxelby, Esq., is called to the bar, a marriage may be expected to take place between him and the bright-eyed, flaxen-haired Jeanie, only daughter of Donald M'Culloch, Esq., of the Hawthorns, Highgate, and Penelope his wife.

Augusta was so much offended at her sister's marriage "to a *tradesman*," as she said with just indignation, and so piously shocked at Clement's engagement to a person who had not only performed on a public stage, but who (as Augusta had been able to ascertain on good authority) absolutely had devoted nearly the whole of the money so earned to her own family, instead of bringing it as a marriage-portion to her husband, which was a piece of cold-hearted iniquity altogether unforgivable, that she declined to hold any further communication with those degenerate scions of the house of Charlewood. Except—it is well to be just—in so far as sending them a large bundle, per book-post, of her husband's sermons, printed by subscription, on highly glazed cream-colored paper, and intended for private circulation only. Geraldine O'Brien was abroad with Lady Popham at the time of Mabel's marriage, but she wrote the latter a warm-hearted letter, full of good wishes, adding to them Lady Popham's kindest remembrances. "Godmamma is wonderfully well," she wrote, "and has, I think, quite got over the shock of the handsome Alfred's bad behavior. She has found a new protégé—a Tyrolese who plays the guitar, and who fills our apartment here in Vienna with a kind of tinkling hum, like fifty thousand musical grasshoppers made of fine steel! I say nothing of the clouds he puffs from his meerschaum, nor of the odors of garlic which hang around him perennially. However, he is a harmless creature, and strums away peacefully without hurting any one." At the close of the letter came a little postscript—"*for Mabel alone.*" "You are a fortunate woman, and have got the best man in the world. Make much of him, and be very happy. The latter wish is not the less sincerely uttered that I was once a little—just the 'laste taste in loife,' as they say at Kilclare—in love with your husband. But he?—ah no; be quite easy. I *know* now, and I *suspected* then, that there was one little slip of a girl who stood between him and all other women. He loved you always, truly and faithfully. Be grateful to him, and think sometimes of your sincere friend, G. O'B."

Mr. Alaric Allen was dreadfully disgusted by Mabel's announcement that she intended to leave his theatre, and the stage altogether, at the close of her second London season.

"It is too bad," he said, confidentially, to some friends, "altogether too bad! A girl who had the ball at her foot, a girl who might have made the greatest reputation—ay, and the greatest fortune—of any actress since Fanny Kemble, to throw it all away in this manner! And she is not even making a good marriage, as I hear. Some trading fellow or other, whom she knew in her early youth at Hammerham. A wretched business! But that is the worst of women, as I often say. The cleverest of them—and this girl *is* very clever—in fact, is, in certain things, an undoubted genius—but the very cleverest of them are *such* fools!"

Of the rest of the personages whose lives were more or less involved with Mabel's, or who had any influence on her career, there remains not much to say. Mr. Trescott, utterly lost and wretched after his child's death, became a confirmed drunkard, and sank lower and lower, until at length he was almost totally unfitted for the exercise of his profession, and became a pensioner on the bounty of a few persons who were kind to him for little Corda's sake. Among these, Jerry Shaw was to be counted. The queer old man gave out of his poverty to the wretched drunkard, who came, with tearful eyes and quivering voice, to talk to him by the hour of his "lost angel." And many were the serious harangues with which Jerry favored Lingo on the evils of drunkenness; harangues to which Lingo appeared to listen with an argumentative, unconvinced air, one eye blinking slily, as who should say, "It's all very well; I let you go on for the present, but I mean to pose you by-and-by!"

Another shock awaited Mrs. Malachi Dawson in connection with old Mr. Shaw, a personage, one would have said, unlikely enough to cross her path in any way. The aged relative, from whom the Reverend Malachi Dawson was to inherit considerable estates in Ireland, died in the fullness of time, and in his last will and testament there was a bequest of a modest annuity to his second cousin and former friend, Gerald O'Shaughnessy, "whom I believe to be still living," so ran the will, "and whose forgiveness I hereby beg for an injury I did him in our youth." And when inquiries were made for the said Gerald O'Shaughnessy, in order to carry out the last desire of the testator, behold, whom should he prove to be but old Jerry Shaw, the strolling player! He had run away from his home, when quite a lad, in a fit of despair and jealousy at the falsehood of his lady-love, whose affections had been beguiled from him by the second cousin, now deceased. He had joined a troop of wandering comedians under a feigned name, and had purposely concealed all trace of himself from his friends and family. Wounded feeling, at first, and a stubborn proud independence that belonged to his character, afterward, had kept him aloof from all who had known him in former days. And by degrees his nearest relatives died off (his mother had died in his childhood), and he remained without kindred in the world, save his former rival, himself a widowed, childless old man. But, nevertheless, the shabby, hatchet-faced old actor known as Jerry Shaw proved himself to be, beyond a doubt, Gerald O'Shaughnessy, third son of the late Patrick O'Shaughnessy, Esq., of Castle Belford, in Ireland. And consequently he was a relative of the deceased gentleman, and consequently—it was *too* dreadful, such people ought to be sent to the tread-mill, Augusta declared—a distant kinsman of the Reverend Malachi Dawson himself! Jerry, however, showed no disposition to call cousins with any one. He received his yearly income quietly, and remained in obscurity as before. He did not even cease to perform in public, saying that he was used to the theatre now, and should miss it; but he departed from beneath Mr. Hutchins's roof, and removed to a neat lodging near to a suburban cemetery, wherein he caused to be erected an unpretending monument over a little grave, with a broken lily carved in marble for its only ornament.

Miss Fluke, after presiding impressively at the weddings of two or three of her younger sisters, began to grow discontented and uneasy at home, and finally—the departure from England of some friends of hers favoring the project—she resolved to emigrate to Australia. Thence she wrote immensely long letters home to all her friends, which letters were most frequently overweight, and necessitated the payment of double postage. The vast extent of that new land appeared to afford scope for the fullest development of Miss Fluke's remarkable energies. She visited several of the gold-diggings, and distributed tracts to the heterogeneous population which was to be found there. One of her chief converts was a Chinese, about the hopefulness of whose spiritual condition Miss Fluke wrote quires of pious rapture. But, suddenly, all mention of this interesting individual ceased, and it afterward appeared, on Miss Fluke's own solemn testimony, that her Celestial protégé had decamped one night, no one knew whither, bearing with him his instructress's gold watch, doubtless as a memento of her teaching. Mrs. Malachi Dawson was the fortunate recipient of a great deal of Miss Fluke's epistolary eloquence, but as the correspondence on her side was by no means kept up with similar vigor, it languished by degrees, and at last died a natural death. The last letter which Augusta received from her friend was chiefly remarkable for a novel and striking division of mankind into four classes. There had been a conflagration in some new settlement where Miss Fluke was temporarily residing, and in describing the efforts of the inhabitants to subdue the fire, she wrote: "I must bear witness to the very great zeal and energy displayed by our dear flock. Every one labored with edifying eagerness. Men, women, children, *and missionaries*, all exerted themselves to the utmost."

At the latest accounts Miss Fluke was Miss Fluke still.

Alfred Trescott had disappeared from London after his sister's death, and for a long time no clew to his whereabouts was discovered. But one autumn, five or six years after their marriage, when Clement and Mabel were staying for a while at a much-frequented German watering-place, they had a strange glimpse of him. It happened thus: The children—Dooley was now an uncle, and made one of the family party on their holiday tour, as did also Mrs. Saxelby—had been sent home to bed, and Clement and his wife were sauntering arm in arm together through the trim alleys, enjoying the twilight sweetness of the air, when a figure, coming from behind them, brushed close to Mabel, and flitted swiftly onward through the dusk. Mabel started violently, and clung to her husband's arm.

"What is the matter, love?" he asked; "what has alarmed you?"

"Dear Clement, that was Alfred Trescott who went by us just now! He or his ghost, I am certain of it."

"Probably himself in the flesh, then, Mabel. But how can you be sure? It is so dark, and you scarcely caught a glimpse of the man's face."

"No; but yet I am sure it was he. There was something in the gait, in the turn of the head, that I recognized instantly. He went toward the gaming-tables. Let us follow, Clement, and convince ourselves."

They entered the brilliantly-lighted rooms, where around the green tables the same old crowd of faces, so well known and so often described, were intent on their game. For a time they saw no one at all resembling Alfred, but presently a long, thin hand was thrust out from behind some one in the front rank, and laid down a trifling stake. Mabel silently pressed her husband's arm, admonishing him to watch, and in another moment they saw rise up over the shoulder of a smiling florid German burgher a face that seemed like one looming up out of those depths, the entrance to which bore the terrible inscription, "Abandon hope, all ye who enter here!" It was a face almost perfect in the harmonious beauty of its outline, but covered with a death-like pallor, and so thin that the jaw and the cheek-bones were sharply defined beneath the skin. The large, dark eyes glittered restlessly in their hollow sockets, and the straight, black brows above them were permanently contracted, as though with ceaseless pain. It was a dreadful face—dreadful in its haggard youth, dreadful in the settled malignity of its expression. Mabel shuddered and shrank back; but Alfred did not see her, neither did the rest take any heed of him. They were all too much absorbed in the changes of the game to pay any attention to each other.

"Let us get away from this place," whispered Mabel; "I feel as though I could not breathe here."

They walked home together almost in silence. Mabel was trembling greatly, and the tears were in her eyes. Clement made inquiries of the people about the place whether they knew or had ever seen such a person as he described. Oh yes, they had seen him; knew him quite well. He was often there. Did not stay there always. They thought he went to other gambling-places when he left theirs. He was a desperate and inveterate gamester. Poor? Yes, he was poor. It was not exactly the way to grow rich to play as he played. He was an artist—a violinist. He sometimes boasted that he had been a great famous player once in England, but who could tell? He was quite young still, and great artists were not made in a day. Still it was certain that he could play well yet when he chose. Sometimes, when he was absolutely penniless, he would obtain permission to play in the public room of some hotel, and he always got money. Once they had offered him an engagement in the local band. He accepted for a time, but he could not keep the situation. He was terribly fierce and wild sometimes, almost mad, they thought, and nothing could keep him from the green table. Every farthing that he could get went there. They supposed he would put a pistol to his head some day. Herr Gott! Such things *had* happened. Clement, returning to his wife with this news, found her weeping and still greatly agitated.

"My dearest," he said, "do not let this distress you so much. It is sad, it is terrible. But, after all, I do not suppose that any one

could have predicted a brighter ending to such a career as this wretched young man's."

"No, no, dear Clement, it is not that. But when I think of all that that sweet, loving little heart suffered, of how she clung to him, and hoped for him, and loved him to the last! Ah, Corda, poor, patient, gentle little Corda!"

He soothed her, and held her fondly in his arms, and by-and-by they sat calmly, looking out on to the silver moonlight edging the black masses of foliage beneath their window.

"Do you remember, Clement," said Mabel, leaning her head upon her husband's shoulder—"do you remember when that dear little one was dying, and held our hands clasped together in her own, how she prophesied that we should one day be married to each other, and should think of little Corda, and be glad to know that we had been kind to her, and that she—poor darling—had been very grateful?"

"Yes; and, my Mabel, she said another truth—that we should be happy, because we loved each other."

"I remember her very words. 'I think nothing is so happy as really loving,' she said; 'nothing is so happy as really loving.'"

END OF MABEL'S PROGRESS.

AUTUMN.

WHEN dawn breaks chill the birds are still—
 Not a wee numb throat that twitters—
And meshed in the grasses, pearl on pearl,
 The marvelous hoar-frost glitters.

The sun rides up, and the hollyhock's cup
 Has lost its crimson wassail,
And the poppy stirs a ruined crest,
 And the corn a bleachéd tassel.

A sharp wind tears the pippins and pears
 Off branches onward sweeping;
The blue plums drop, and the ivory gourds
 Through wilted leaves are peeping.

O'er meadowy ways there floating strays
 A silken fleece of thistles,
And the swarthy chestnut's yellowing husk
 In lane and pasture bristles.

To a sound of sighs the fair year dies,
 And the brief day waxes older,
And every gust that strips the pomp
 From the gaudy wood is colder.

Now twilight falls, and the chamber walls
 Grow dim, and the white stars glisten,
And out in her gloom the katydid calls
 For lonely hearts to listen.

PLAYING FOR HIGH STAKES.

By MISS ANNIE THOMAS,

Author of "Denis Donne," "Walter Goring," "Played Out," etc.

CHAPTER XXIX.

MORE FAMILY AFFECTION.

"THE prettiest, quietest place we can afford without giving a thought to the social consideration in which it is held, will be the place for us," Lionel Talbot had said to his wife when the subject of their future abode had been under discussion. But pretty, quiet places that are accessible to bread-winners who must travel by omnibuses, are rare shots that slay those unfortunates with fatigue who are compelled to search for them. Lionel and his wife traversed many a weary mile of London suburb, lured on by the fallacious hopes the penny paper advertisements of "sequestered cottages in salubrious localities" had raised, before they fixed upon the spot in which they would first pitch their tent, and set up such humble household gods as can be procured by young people who marry on love, and whose fortune is in the future.

It was a small six-roomed house in a long, airy road, with an open space at the end of it occupied in imagination by a church, that was Mrs. Lionel Talbot's first married home. There was nothing pretty or romantic in the situation—nothing graceful or elegant in the interior arrangements. On the contrary, the view from the windows was of other houses precisely like unto itself, and within absence of decoration reigned—together, it may be added, with such a perfect love for each other as cast out all doubt and fear.

But though there was nothing pretty or romantic in the situation, nothing graceful or elegant in the interior of it, the house perfectly fulfilled one condition which they had made: it was quiet; and this quality in an abode has a matchless charm for those who are seeking to curry favor with fortune by their pen or pencil.

They went to work with hopeful hearts and willing hands as soon as they were settled—went to work at their respective arts, separating early in the morning, hard as it was to do so in these early days of life's realized romance, and not meeting again till the late dinner, which was eaten with the appetite that only comes from the knowledge that the labor and burden of the day is over. One of the six small rooms was made into a studio by Lionel, and another on the floor above it was given up exclusively to Blanche and the one luxury she had afforded herself—a writing-table of fair proportions on which the sheets of MS. could be thrown about without distracting care being given to the position in which they fell.

They were very happy in these days—very happy, despite being so entirely "out of the world," as Mrs. Sutton declared them to be when she came at length to see them.

"You can't expect people to call on you here," she said to Blanche; and when Blanche replied, "I neither expect nor wish them to call on me," Mrs. Sutton added, considerately—"And how bad for you, as a writer, and Lal as an artist, to be living out of the world in this way! You'll both get bored; and when one's bored one's best goes."

"I quite agree with you; when we are bored our best will go," Mrs. Talbot replied, coloring freely. She was vexed by being put in the position of the pitied and imprudent one, by this woman who had been opposed to her from the very commencement of their intercourse.

"Of course you think that you are all-sufficient to each other—you have been married six weeks, I believe?" Marian laughed.

"Did you think Mr. Sutton and yourself all-sufficient to each other when you had been married six weeks?" Blanche asked, innocently. Then Mrs. Sutton got up, carelessly shrugging her shoulders and saying:

"Not at all; but I knew that his money, and the comforts it would surround me with, to be all-sufficient, and I have not proved mistaken."

Then she left Blanche (whom she had ruthlessly interrupted in an installment of a story for a magazine that was overdue) and went down to Lionel.

"Shall I disturb you?" she asked, in silvery tones, giving an impatient rap at the locked door as she spoke. The instincts of the artist overcame the instincts of politeness, and Lionel answered,

"Not now, Marian; I'm really very busy."

"But I've something to say to you—something you ought to hear; do, Lal, let me in."

He opened the door quickly enough, and she glided in at once, and held up her face for him to kiss.

"I am very penitent for interrupting you, Lionel; but I did not wish to leave your house the first time I had ever entered it hurt, and sore, and unsoothed."

"Hurt and sore!" He repeated her words in astonishment.

"Yes," she said, softly. "I am only your sister, and she is your wife, and I suppose knows how to please you into forgetfulness of brotherly feeling."

"Are you speaking of Blanche?"

"Yes."

"Give my wife her name, then," he said, quietly; "she is 'she' only to me."

Marian caused her eyes to look placid. The secret of sudden tears had been thoroughly discovered by this woman.

"Mrs. Lionel Talbot does not need you to take her part, Lal," she said, softly; "she can hit very hard now she dare."

"What do you mean?" he asked, wearily.

"What have I ever done, Lal, to her (or to any body else for that matter) that she should suddenly rise up and ask me, in taunting tones, when I spoke of her young married happiness, 'whether I could speak with the same satisfaction when I had been married six weeks?' It was hard of her to say that, Lal, when she must have known how it would cut me. Her life's venture has succeeded; mine has failed. Did I not know it already, that she thought it needful to take such ignominious triumph over me?"

"I can not judge my wife unheard."

"I do not ask you to judge her; for your judgment would deal hardly toward me. Lionel, I am very far from being happy; and when I came from sisterly kindness, I was met by a jeer at that over which I am powerless. I have my troubles as well as the rest, thanks to our estimable Edgar. If ever a girl was sacrificed to her family I have been."

"Poor Marian!" Lionel said, fondly. He was entirely ignorant as to how her family had benefited by the sacrifice; still, as a man he could not be harsh to her when she asserted that she had made it.

"Lionel," she said, quickly, looking up, "I am very unhappy; I am frightfully pressed by Hortense, and I dare not ask Mark for money. Can you give—lend me fifty pounds?"

"At the present moment I have not quite fifty shillings in the world," he said, dejectedly.

"Yet you married," she said, scornfully.

He knit his brows a little, and looked her firmly in the face.

"I married, trusting to God and such talent as I have to support her. I married without—I allow that—any consideration for other people's milliners' bills. What then?"

"I beg your pardon—I forgot," she said, hurriedly. "I omitted to tell you that Mark's last impoverishing effort was made to give Edgar the means of playing for the redemption of your pittance, which you have rashly allowed him to risk, and lose."

"Has Mark suffered too?" he asked.

"Mark suffered too," she repeated after him, impatiently. "Do you call it suffering to lose all he has ever gained; and not that only, but his sister's money into the bargain—to lose it through Edgar! to lose it through my brother! Oh! I owe my family much."

She bent her head down, and burst into a passion of tears; and her tears, as they streamed over her face, scalded her brother's heart.

"Things are worse than I thought them. We are men—Edgar and I; and our losses ought only to nerve us to further exertions, which I am ready to make. Don't reproach me, Marian; the risk Mark ran for the recovery of my pittance was run unknown to me. Blanche and I will not forget it now we do know it."

Mrs. Mark Sutton lifted her face up in an instant, smiling through her tears.

"You have great faith," she said. "Your wife's, Mrs. Lionel Talbot's (I hope I speak of her respectfully enough) knowledge of the position into which we are plunged is likely to avail us much, I should imagine."

"You are speaking bitterly, Marian," he said, calmly.

"I am speaking the words of soberness and truth, hard as they may sound to you. Granted that she had the will to help the family into which she has come (only to further encumber it)—grant that she has the will; she has not the power."

"Not at the present hour."

"Nor at any time in the future. Lionel, you are infatuated, blinded, deceived, if she has led you to suppose that the choicest works of her imagination are worth much more than the paper they are printed upon. Why, if she writes the tips of her fingers off, she can't make more than a hundred a year."

"We will not go into the question of what she may make, or what she does make. I know this of her, that when she can give help she will give it."

"Easy generosity; that time will be never," Mrs. Sutton said, turning to leave the room. "Spare me the humiliation of letting your wife know that I have been driven to ask you for money. Promise me that."

"As you will," he said, drearily. His ideas had been rudely dispersed; his working hours roughly broken in upon; his wife had been attacked, and he had not been quite able to defend her. Altogether his future was a touch less bright when he went down at two o'clock to luncheon than it had been when he left Blanche after breakfast. She was sitting at the head of the table when he entered, looking paler and more weary than he had ever seen the brightly-colored, active woman look before; and it was not in him at the moment to cheer her up at once.

"You look tired, Blanche," he began.

"I am; by what I can not tell, unless it is by my utter inability to write three consecutive sentences of sense this morning," she replied.

"What is the obstacle?"

"It is thus; and I can't define it: Suddenly I lost my vivid interest—my heart—in my work. My plan of the plot seemed weak, tame, and unprofitable—the latter especially; and when I attempted to let the gay fancy lead me my pen became stubborn, and I fell to doubting the grammar of every word I wrote."

"You have been vexed about something," he said, suggestively.

"By something indefinable, then," she answered, quickly. "It will all be well with me again very soon, if I could only feel that 'very soon' would suit our purpose as well as 'now.'"

"Don't be despondent, my own darling. Remember whatever burden there is, it is not your back that is bound to bear it."

In an instant she made that effort to cast off care which women can make when the care is crushing the spirit of the man who is dearest to them.

"My back is ready to share it, dearest," she said, going over to him fondly. "Come, Lal, the truth shall be told now. Mrs. Sutton disheartened me a little—just a little—and then all fancy for glib fiction fled; and I have been feeling very unworthy of you and of myself."

"But you feel so no longer."

"I feel so no longer. Honestly and with all my heart, I can assure you of that. How about yourself? What have you been doing?"

"Well—not much."

"What do you call 'not much,' Lal? Your 'little' means a great deal generally."

"I wish it did mean a great deal to-day," he said, a little moodily. "I had a long talk with Marian."

"What did Marian say to throw you out of gear?" his wife asked, coaxingly.

"You can't get on with her," he answered, abruptly; and Mrs. Talbot shook her head and laughed, and said:

"No, no, Lal, that is not your grievance; the root of the evil lies deeper. Tell it to me."

He looked at her, and he could not tell her so harsh a thing as that his untruthful sister had been able to give him a pang about his truthful wife. Love and reason both opposed themselves to such an exercise of veracity on his part. Marian had made him uneasy and suspicious, and in his heart of hearts he did feel that the weapons which she had used were not true and doughty ones. But for all that he could not help feeling that there was a little to be urged in extenuation of Marian also. If Blanche had uttered but a few words with even a lighter malicious meaning, of the sentences which Marian had ascribed to her—if she had done so, then Blanche was to blame and Marian was to be pitied. As he thought of this possibly extenuating clause in the page of Marian's misrepresentation Lionel felt that it was well within the bounds of possibility for a wife to be less perfect than she of six weeks' standing was on the day she became one.

"Tell it to me," she repeated; "say the sum of your troubles, and I will cast them up—and 'out,' I hope."

Then he told a few of the things which Marian had told to him, reserving only the taunts which Mrs. Sutton had uttered relative to the expediency of the match.

"The Suttons ruined! Marian poor! I don't realize that at all, Lionel."

"They will have to realize it soon, I fear."

"And how fearfully hard such realization will be to her, poor thing! Lionel, I am quite strung up again—"

"By the thought of another woman's privation?" he asked, laughingly, and in a tone that showed her he did not mean what he had said.

"No, but by the thought that I may relieve that privation in the glorious 'time to come,' in which we artists have so comforting a faith. Marian may have her faults," Mrs. Talbot went on, with the judicial air which is the safety-valve both of the most sympathetic feeling and the sincerest spleen—"Marian may have her faults, but we will forget them all now, poor thing!"

Then the young husband, touched by the exceeding generosity of the sentiments that were so strong in theory, and that had never been put to the rough test of practice yet, gave prudence her *congé* and went into further details respecting Marian's interview with himself.

"Wonderful thing it is that you women contrive so utterly to misjudge one another," he said. "Men never, or very rarely, fall into that error. Now there's Marian thinks that you dislike and would almost destroy her, I believe, when in reality you would aid her to the utmost."

"What did she say that could make you think that, Lal?"

"She did not say much, but she let me see that she felt hurt at your reminding her that hers was not a marriage of affection," Lionel said, deprecatingly.

"She said I did that—what next?"

"Nothing next, you dear ferocious little creature," Lionel said, smiling, as his wife came up to him and laid her crimsoned cheek upon his forehead, and grasped his hand in her own small, muscular, sensibly-strong, white one.

"Nothing next? nothing to account for my remark?"

"Oh yes, she gave a leading one on the happiness you seemed to be enjoying; she did say something about that, I suppose, Blanche."

"Yes, she said something about it," Blanche replied, absently. She was cut to the soul by this first evidence which had been given her of Lionel deeming it possible that she could be in the wrong—and resenting it.

"And you replied by contrasting your relative positions rather more freely than you would have done had you liked Marian better," Lionel replied, gravely. "My poor darling, it was hard on you to be interrupted when you had got yourself into a good groove for work; but deal more gently with the erring another time for my sake."

"For your sake I will do any thing," Blanche replied, passionately. "I will say all that I can say now to make you feel my fault less; I was too hasty, too severe altogether on Marian;" and then she halted, and did not add that she had not been altogether untried.

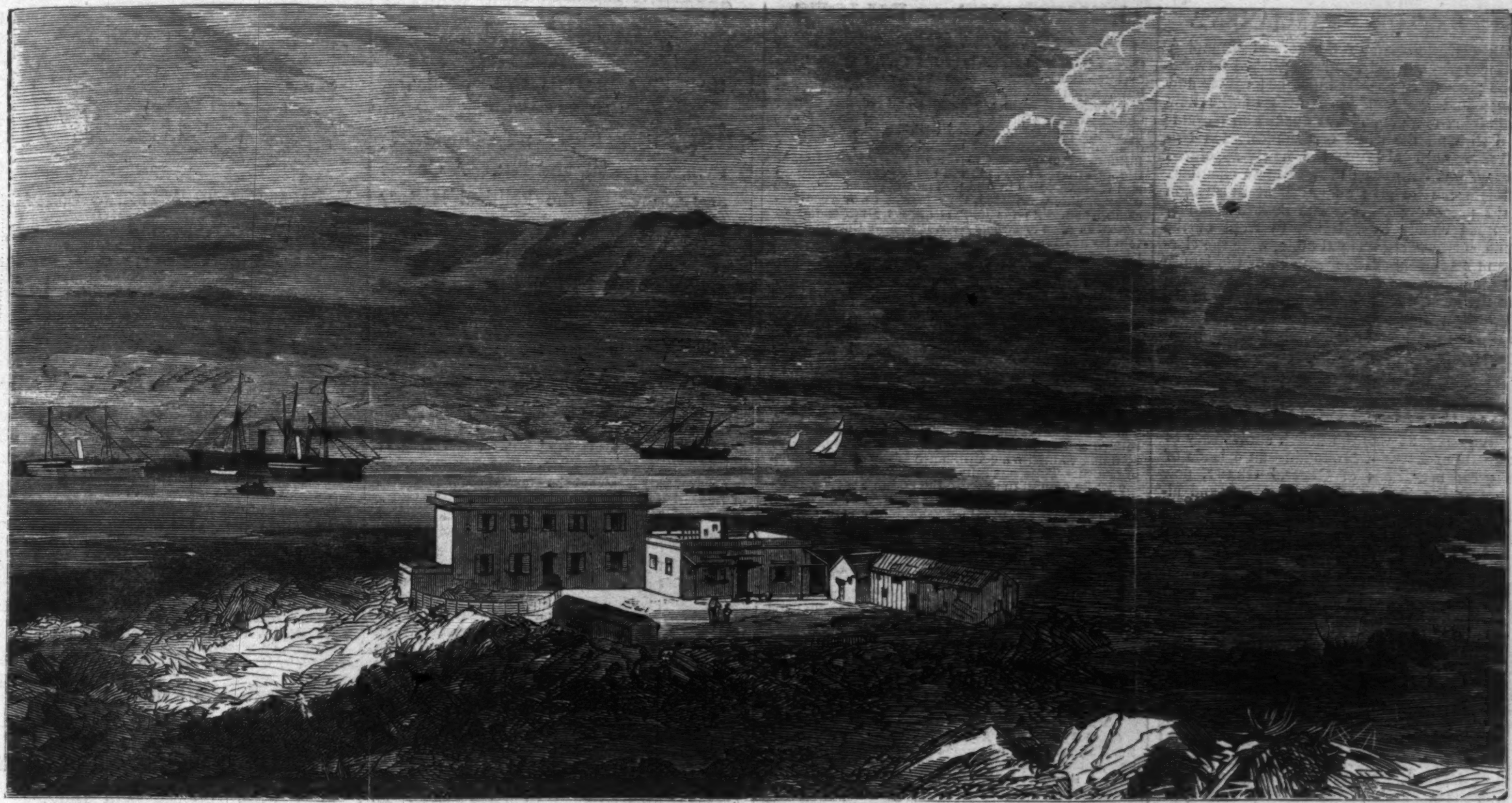
"That ample confession would gain absolution for far severer sins, my sweet," Lionel said, gently. Then as his wife went away, rather softly and sadly to her work again, he did wish that he had not forced her to make confession quite so ample; it savored slightly of humiliation, and it had been far from the wish of his heart to humiliate her. For the remainder of that day this consideration haunted him, causing him to paint less lightly and brightly than his subject, "Forming the Household of the Fairy Queen," demanded. But he dared not to break in upon that time which was money and honor to himself and his wife now by going up to her quiet room on a mission of reconciliation.

She meanwhile was having a tough tussle with herself up stairs in that little room where the fairest creatures of her brain had been born and were being nurtured. She had been thrown out of her grooves, ruthlessly thrown out of her grooves, for no sufficient end—for nothing, indeed, save for the furtherance of vexation in her spirits. Worse than this—far harder to bear than this original, upsetting, imagination-destroying fact, was the one that the man she had married seemed to think that she was in some trifling measure to blame for the uproar in her mind. She could not tell her husband how his sister had spoken of that mutual poverty which made their marriage such a reckless thing in her (Marian's) eyes. She could not do this, for the bloom of slight reserve hung about the loving intercourse of the young husband and wife as yet. Mistakenly, but femininely, she deemed it better to bear the burden of a secret which might pain him unshared by him than to give it half into his keeping, and so lighten the weight on her own mind and soul. In truth, she had it in her to be very generous—the pity of it was that the fruits of such generous growth do not ripen quickly.

"Twere long to tell, and vain to hear"

how long, how fiercely, and how unsuccessfully she struggled with herself, and still was powerless to do any thing, or at any rate to do the thing she most desired to do. This first jarring together (it did not quite amount to a misunderstanding) of the chords which had been so finely attuned hitherto in the souls of her husband and herself, cost her such a twinge of anguish as can only be experienced once. The horrible truth came home to her that it was in her to give offense to Lionel, and in Lionel to take offense with her. He had done it now on what she, looking at the subject according to her lights, which were by no means dim, was justified in thinking very small provocation. She could not write of fictitious joys or woes—she could not evolve plots or depict characters that never existed—she could not wield the pen of a ready writer with this crushing reality weighing down upon her heart. How she hated this cheap London suburb in which they dwelt when this feeling first came to pass! How she loathed the accessible locality, and longed for the inaccessible woods in some far-off country district, where the burr of rivers that ran away and lost themselves in remote bays, and that rose in even more remote moorlands, and the coo of the wood-pigeons, would be the sole sounds she should hear! How she reproached herself for having been petulant—for having risked her all, her life's happiness, on such a trifle as the rise of this misunderstanding now seemed to her! How eagerly she listened now and again for some sound of Lionel—some sound that should forewarn her that he was coming up to condone her little offense against his family feeling! How slowly and sadly the day wore itself in weariness! and finally she rose up as the dinner-hour struck, with her day's appointed work unfinished—with her head aching, and her heart sore, and the conviction strongly upon her that she was very much in the wrong.

THE BATTLE OF LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN, NOVEMBER 25, 1863—THE SCENE FROM LOOKOUT VALLEY.—DRAWN BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 766.]



GARIBALDI'S ISLAND HOME AT CAPRERA, WITH THE ITALIAN SHIPS ON GUARD.

GARIBALDI'S HOME.

GENERAL GARIBALDI, since his defeat and surrender near Rome, has announced his intention of coming to America to reside; he is about to leave his island home at Caprera and return to his old home on Staten Island, but this time as the country's honored guest. As every thing connected with GARIBALDI is of interest we give in this issue an engraving of his residence in Caprera, with the Italian ships on guard. The new dwelling, which occupies the most prominent position in our present view, has been erected since 1860; the old home of the great liberal, however, remains in existence, and is seen in our view to the right of the new structure.

OPENING THE FIRST PARLIAMENT OF THE NEW DOMINION OF CANADA.—SKETCHED BY ALFRED JONES.—[SEE PAGE 766.]

THE CANADIAN PARLIAMENT.

THE confederation of the several Canadian Provinces was decided upon and pushed forward by the present English Cabinet last winter and spring; and the first Parliament of the new "Dominion of Canada" was opened on November 6 with all the usual ceremonies. On November 7 Lord MONCK, the newly-appointed Viceroy, was enthroned in the Senate chamber. Of this scene we give an excellent illustration on the preceding page. The Senate chamber was filled chiefly by ladies. In front of the throne, surrounding a small table, were the clergy, and behind them the members of the House of Commons, summoned to hear the Speech from the throne. The ladies on the right of the clergy belong to the family of Lord MONCK. On the right of the Viceroy is his aid-de-camp, holding a port-folio of papers.

A BATTLE-ANNIVERSARY.

NOVEMBER 25 was the fourth anniversary of the battle of Lookout Mountain—an episode of the great operations of General GRANT, now known as the Battles of Chattanooga—and altogether one of the most remarkable combats known in history. We present, as in celebration of the event, a beautiful engraving of the battle from an original painting in the possession of General JOSEPH HOOKER, the hero of the engagement.

Lookout Mountain, for the possession of which the battle was fought, is 1400 feet above the Tennessee River, and was held by a force of at least 6000 rebels strongly fortified. There are but two routes by which the summit can be reached. One of these is twenty miles from the scene of the assault. The other is by a road which winds up the eastern side of the mountain. General HOOKER's plan of operation was to get possession of the road. To do so was to gain possession of the mountain. A small force under General OSTERHAUS was ordered to make a feint upon the enemy's rifle-pits at the point of the mountain, while General GEARY moved up the valley west of the mountain until a mile in rear of the enemy's position; the troops then ascended the side of the range until the head of the column reached the palisades which crown the mountain, and formed in line of battle at right angles with them; they then marched forward as OSTERHAUS made a sharp attack as a feint, and, by taking the rebel works in flank and rear, secured about 1300 prisoners. The enemy fled around the "nose" of the mountain, closely pursued, to a position on the opposite side, where they were again attacked. After one or two desperate efforts the rebel works were carried, but it was at such a late hour (midnight) that it was impossible to dislodge them from the Summertown road, a route by which they evacuated during the night.

General M. C. MEIGS has given the combat its name of the "Battle above the Clouds." It is true that HOOKER fought above the clouds, but more than this, he manufactured the clouds that he might fight above them. During the night before the engagement a slight, misty rain had fallen, and when the sun rose, cold and dull, next morning, a fog hung over the river and enveloped the mountain, serving as a convenient mask to HOOKER's movements. As the day advanced, however, the fog began to lift, and was fast disappearing, when the battle on the west side of the mountain began to rage heavily. Then the smoke of HOOKER's musketry and artillery began to mingle with the mist and clouds; they grew heavy again, and settled down close upon the mountain, so that at one time the clouds thus formed hid the contending forces from the view of those in the valley, and HOOKER literally fought the battle above the clouds of his own making.

A MOST suitable holiday present to a smoker is undoubtedly a genuine Meerschaum, which Messrs. POLLAK & SON sell at manufacturers' prices at their stores, 27 John St., near Nassau, and 692 and 693 Broadway, near Fourth St., N. Y. Also repairing, boiling, and amber work done. Send for circular to letter box 5846.

Stammering Cured by Bates's Patent Appliances. For pamphlet address Simpson & Co., 277 W. 23d St., N.Y.

HOFF'S MALT EXTRACT BEVERAGE has for eighteen years accumulated a reputation in Europe as a remedy and beverage of high value. Drs. CRANE and WHITE say that it is destined to supply a want long felt.
Depot, 542 Broadway, New York.

FOR brown discolorations, called Moth and Freckles, use PERRY'S Moth and Freckle Lotion, prepared by Dr. B. C. PERRY, 49 Bond St., N. Y. Sold by all Druggists.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

"Poor Tom's a'cold."
How warm soe'er the genial sun
May look in kindness on the earth,
In Tom Jones' veins no cheering warmth
Dispels the gloomy sorrow of his soul.
DYSPEPSIA like a goblin hunts him down;
AGUE, grim chamberlain, lights him to bed;
While DULLNESS, VERTIGO, and HEADACHE dire
With fiercer aches combine to make him groan.

Hearken, Thomas, to instruction:
For all thy ills a remedy is found—
A panacea, certain, pleasant, sure,
PLANTATION BITTERS—S. T. 1860 X.:
A wondrous tonic made by Dr. Drake.

We presume "poor Tom's" case is not worse than hundreds who are cured daily by this wonderful medicine.

MAGNOLIA WATER.—A delightful toilet article—superior to Cologne, and at half the price.

REMITTENT, or BILIOUS FEVER,

Occurs in almost all parts of the United States lying between the Northern Lakes and the Gulf of Mexico; but is much more frequent in the Southern and Western sections than in the Middle and Northern. For one or two days preceding the commencement of the fever the patient is affected with feelings of general discomfort, weariness, or languor, a sense of weight, fullness or uneasiness in the stomach, loss of appetite, disordered taste, pain in the head, furred tongue, and fugitive pains in different parts of the body. The disease, unless arrested, then proves to be regularly established. *As the liver is always functionally deranged in cases of bilious fever*, it follows that to maintain its healthy action, or to restore it when lost, is to prevent the recurrence or to effect the cure of the established disease. So well marked is the connection between bilious fever and a disordered condition of the liver, that medical authors have designated the disease in many instances *hepatic bilious fever*; and unequivocal proof of the connection is furnished by examination after death, when it is found that the liver is enlarged, and that the natural reddish-brown color of the organ is substituted by a bronze or slate color. Happily for residents of the exposed sections alluded to there is a sure cure for bilious fever and disease of the liver, if not absolute immunity from attack, by the use of Dr. McLane's Celebrated Liver Pills. These wonderful Pills are unfailing in their action to relieve congestion of the liver or portal circle, and by so doing to insure a continuance of the priceless boon of health. Time has fully proved their merits.

☞ Be careful to procure the genuine article, manufactured solely by FLEMING BROS., of Pittsburg, Pa., and to be had at all respectable drug stores.
None genuine without the signature of
[39.] FLEMING BROS.

TINSMITHS and FARMERS,

By sending 25 cents and red stamp you will receive by mail a receipt for making soldering fluid, so that you can solder brass, copper, zinc, lead, galvanized iron, tin, and the finest silver, &c., without tarnishing. Tinkers, throw away muriatic acid soldering fluid, and get a fluid that will tin over verdigris copper, &c., without scraping. Address RUSSELL, DAVIS & CO.,
Macedon, Wayne Co., N. Y.

A CHANCE TO MAKE MONEY.

Good wide-awake Agents wanted in every town in the United States, to engage in a very lucrative business, that can be operated every where *successfully*. Only a small capital required. For full particulars, send for a descriptive circular. Address B. W. HITCHCOCK, 14 Chambers Street, New York, or Lock Box No. 400, Cincinnati, Ohio.

CURLS, Curls. One application will curl your hair into beautiful curls, and last six months in every case, or money refunded. Sent by mail, postpaid, for 50c. a package. Address M. A. Jaggers, Calhoun, Ill.

THE HOLIDAY JOURNAL

OF Parlor Plays, Magic Sports, Games, Experiments, Problems, Puzzles, &c., WILL BE SENT FREE. Address ADAMS & CO., Publishers, Boston.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

A REPOSITORY OF

Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

HARPER'S BAZAR, the publication of which has just been commenced by HARPER & BROTHERS, is an Illustrated Weekly Journal, devoted to Fashion and Household Literature.

It is the first Weekly Journal of Fashion ever published in the United States. By arrangements which the Publishers have perfected, at great cost, with the most celebrated European Fashion Journals—particularly with the well-known *Bazar* of Berlin—Illustrations of Fashions for each week of the year will appear in HARPER'S BAZAR simultaneously with their publication in Paris and Berlin: an advantage which will belong exclusively to this Journal.

In a country where *Three Hundred Millions of Dollars* are annually expended for dry-goods, to be transformed into Articles of Dress, trustworthy and practical instructions as to the most tasteful and economical methods of fashioning these articles become of the greatest value to American women. The BAZAR will contain full and explicit Instructions, with Illustrations, which will enable every Lady Reader to cut and make her own and her children's entire wardrobe, with a large portion of her husband's. Each alternate Number will be accompanied with large Pattern Plates, containing from Forty to Fifty full-sized Patterns, applicable to every article of wardrobe made in the family, with the necessary Directions for cutting and making. Similar Illustrations and Descriptions of Fancy Work will also be furnished. These Patterns will be executed in Paris and Berlin, and will surpass any thing of the kind hitherto produced in this country. Frequently an elegant Colored Fashion Plate will be presented with the paper. Practical Descriptions will also be given of the Fashions especially in vogue in New York—the centre of Fashion in America.

HARPER'S BAZAR, besides being the leading Fashion Journal in this country, will also aim to present before its readers the very best specimens of Household Literature. It will contain original and selected Serial Stories, Poetry, Novelettes, Articles on the Topics of the Day (excluding Politics), on Books, Art, Morals, Familiar Science, Education, Amusements, Hygiene, Etiquette, Housekeeping, Gardening, with Home and Foreign Gossip. No subject of household interest will be excluded from its columns.

In the first Number of the BAZAR will be commenced a Novel, entitled "The Cord and the Creese; or, The Brandon Mystery," by James De Mille, Esq., Author of "The Dodge Club." This Novel has been read in manuscript by several of our most competent critics, who unanimously pronounce it, in point of interest of plot, variety of adventure, and graphic delineation of character, to be fully equal to any of the novels of Wilkie Collins.

HARPER'S BAZAR will contain 16 folio pages, of the size of HARPER'S WEEKLY, printed on superfine calendered paper, and will be published weekly, at ten cents per single Number, or Four Dollars per Year.

☞ *Ladies in the Country will be supplied gratuitously through the mails with the* FIRST SIX NUMBERS OF HARPER'S BAZAR *upon written application to the Publishers.*

Postage, Five Cents for Three Months.

Single Subscribers will be supplied from the beginning to the end of the year 1868, which will complete the first Volume, for the yearly price of Four Dollars.

An Extra Copy will be supplied gratis for every Club of Five Subscribers, at Four Dollars each, in one remittance; or, Six Copies for Twenty Dollars.

HARPER & BROTHERS.
Franklin Square, New York, October, 1867.

GOLDWIN SMITH'S NEW WORK.

A NEW FAIRY BOOK.

HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK,
Have just Ready:

THREE ENGLISH STATESMEN: Pym, Cromwell, and Pitt. A Course of Lectures on the Political History of England. By GOLDWIN SMITH, Author of "Lectures on the Study of History," &c. 12mo, Cloth, $1 50.

Mr. Goldwin Smith is deservedly reckoned a master of the English language. He has, perhaps, no equal in the art of writing pungent sarcasms weighted with real moral indignation. Every word comes from the heart as well as from the head, and, through the perfection of his style, every word tells. And his style is but the reflex of his principles.—*Spectator.*

Mr. Goldwin Smith himself has by fortunate methods of his own filled his mind with the conception of the essential unity of the civilization of the West. He has thoroughly mastered the ideas of order in a State of free citizens. His whole discourse reposes on the doctrine that morals are the base or foundation of sound politics, and that the only inexpugnable political system is one which conforms to our highest ethical ideas of justice. Hence his aversion to a State Church; his abhorrence of martial law; his hatred against the impurity and selfishness of dominant castes; his passion for equal government. Hence, therefore, also, his admiration for the Commonwealth and its heroes, and his detestation of the prelates, the king, and the territorial aristocrats who dragged Pitt into a war with the French Republic. He never, in his most fervent mood, permits his love of morality to be overshadowed or hoodwinked by the mere greatness of a leader's achievement. Arbitrary power cruelly exercised he condemns as severely in Cromwell as in Napoleon.—*Fortnightly Review.*

HOME FAIRY TALES (*Contes du Petit-Château*). By JEAN MACÉ, Editor of the *Magasin d'Éducation*; Author of "The Story of a Mouthful of Bread," &c. Translated by MARY L. BOOTH, Translator of "Martin's History of France," "Laboulaye's Fairy Book," &c. With Engravings. 12mo, Cloth, Beveled Edges, $1 75.

This is one of the very best fairy books ever written. Each of its unique and interesting tales points a moral which, however, is so ingeniously contrived that children never suspect it to have been written for any thing but their amusement. These stories may well be styled the sugar-coated pills of fairy lore. The book has had an immense circulation in France, and can scarcely fail to be equally successful in America. The translation has been made with the approbation of the author, who has furnished a preface addressed to American children, who will henceforth look on him as one of their best friends.

HARPER & BROTHERS
Have just Published:

AGNES STRICKLAND'S QUEENS OF ENGLAND. Lives of the Queens of England. From the Norman Conquest. By AGNES STRICKLAND, Author of "Lives of the Queens of Scotland." Abridged by the Author. Revised and Edited by CAROLINE G. PARKER. Large 12mo, Cloth, $2 00. (*Uniform with the Student's Histories.*)

CIRCE; or, Three Acts in the Life of an Artist. A Novel. By BABINGTON WHITE. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

HASWELL'S ENGINEERS' AND MECHANICS' POCKET-BOOK. Twenty-first Edition, revised and enlarged. By CHAS. H. HASWELL, Civil and Marine Engineer. 663 pages, 12mo, Leather, Pocket-Book Form, $3 00.
Just adopted by the United States Navy and Treasury Departments.

WOOD'S PHYSICAL EXERCISES. Manual of Physical Exercises: Comprising Gymnastics, Rowing, Skating, Fencing, Cricket, Calisthenics, Sailing, Swimming, Sparring, and Base Ball; together with Rules for Training and Sanitary Suggestions. By WILLIAM WOOD, Instructor in Physical Education. With 125 Illustrations. 12mo, Cloth, $1 50.

THE TENANTS OF MALORY. A Novel. By J. S. LE FANU, Author of "Uncle Silas," "Guy Deverell," "All in the Dark," &c., &c. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

HARPER'S PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE GREAT REBELLION. Nos. XVI. to XX. By A. H. GUERNSEY and H. M. ALDEN. 4to, 30 cents each.
PART I. (from the Beginning of the Conspiracy to the Close of the Peninsular Campaign of 1862), ready. 4to, Cloth, Beveled Edges, $6 00.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S MEMOIRS OF THE PRINCE CONSORT. The Early Years of His Royal Highness the Prince Consort. Compiled, under the Direction of Her Majesty the Queen, by Lieutenant-General the Hon. C. GREY. Two Portraits on Steel. Large 12mo, Cloth, Beveled Edges, $2 00.

THE CURATE'S DISCIPLINE. A Novel. By Mrs. EILOART. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

STONE EDGE. A Tale. 8vo, Paper, 25 cents.

BIRDS OF PREY. A Novel. By M. E. BRADDON, Author of "Aurora Floyd," "Eleanor's Victory," "John Marchmont's Legacy," &c., &c. With Illustrations. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents.

☞ HARPER & BROTHERS will send the above Works by Mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.

EMPLOYMENT! $10 A DAY and EXPENSES PAID. Circulars *free.* O. T. GAREY, Biddeford, Me.

$225 A MONTH! 15 new articles for Agents. Address H. B. SHAW, Alfred, Me.

PARIS

EXPOSITION.

DOUGLASS MANUFACTURING COMPANY,
Exclusive Manufacturers of
COOK'S PATENT BORING IMPLEMENTS,
Also, a complete assortment of
MECHANICS' TOOLS.

Framing Chisels Socket Firmer Chisel and Gouges Socket Paring Chisels, Drawing Knives, Screw Drivers, Augers and Bits Bung Borers, Boring Machines, Gimlets Firmer Chisels and Gouges, Hollow Augers, Corkscrews, etc., etc.

WAREHOUSE, 70 BEEKMAN STREET, N. Y.

WORKING MODELS OF STEAM ENGINES, various styles and sizes. Illustrated Catalogues sent on receipt of a postage stamp by
O. A. ROORBACH, 122 Nassau St., New York.

EVERY MAN HIS OWN PRINTER.

With one of our presses, and the material accompanying it, every man can do his own printing, thus saving much time and expense. Circulars containing full information about these Presses, prices, recommendations, &c., mailed free on application. Specimen books of types, cuts, borders, &c., &c., 10 cents.
DAVID WATSON, Ag't, Adams Press Co.,
26 Courtlandt Street, New York.

GIVEN AWAY. A Photograph will be sent to you FREE, on receipt of your address and two postage stamps, by O. A. ROORBACH, 122 Nassau St., N. Y.

COMMENCEMENT OF VOLUME XXXVI.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR DECEMBER, 1867.

CONTENTS:

A PILGRIMAGE IN SUNNY LANDS.
ILLUSTRATIONS.—Grape-Gathering in Spain.—Columbus at Valladolid.—The Escorial.—The Virgin, by Murillo.—Toledo.—The Mosque of Cordova.—A Spanish Maiden.—Cadiz.—Trafalgar.—Gibraltar.—The Castanet.—The Court of Lions, Alhambra.—The Gipsy's Funeral.—Andalusian Traveling.—The Bull-Fight: Bull and Chulos; Bull and Picadors; Bull and Matador.—Funeral Procession.—Across the Pyrenees into France.—The Acqueduct at Nismes.—Avignon.—Rienzi in Prison.—Lyons.
THE NURSERIES ON RANDALL'S ISLAND.
"Gimme Penny, Poppy?"—The Salt-Water Bath-House.—Quarantine.—In the City Prison Cell.—The large Boys at Play.—Leap-Frog.—"No, Sir."—Playing School.—The Author Sketching.—The small Boys' Exercise-Room.—At Dinner.—Working in the Garden.—The Tailor Shop.—The Military Drill.—Washing the small Boys.—An Invoice of Babies.—Feeding the large Babies, Alms-House.—A Hospital Ward.—The Idiot School.—"Johnny."—"Wunny," or "One Finger."
TROUVILLE: A NEW FRENCH PARADISE.
ILLUSTRATIONS.—Charles Mozin.—Chateau of William the Conqueror.—Church of Robert le Diable.—The Virgin in the Forest.—Chateau de Aguesseau.—Chateau de Morny.
A DAY'S FIGHTING IN QUERETARO.
ILLUSTRATIONS.—Queretaro.—Plan of Queretaro.
MRS. STANHOPE'S LAST LODGER.
FISH-FARMING IN WESTERN NEW YORK.
MY BROTHER-IN-LAW.
DARWIN AND DOMESTICATION.
YESTERDAY.
UNEXPECTED BLOWS.
THE FOG-BELL.
PARISIAN SKETCHES.
LIGHT AND SHADOW.
THE LOVE ROMANCE OF BENJAMIN WEST.
THE IMPRESARIO.
A BOWL OF BROTH.
SORROW.
SOME SCOTTISH STORIES.
MOCQUARD.
ROME.
EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR.
LITERARY NOTICES.
MONTHLY RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS.
EDITOR'S DRAWER.

Terms for 1867.

One Copy for One Year $4 00

An Extra Copy gratis for every Club of FIVE SUBSCRIBERS, at $4 00 each, or 6 Copies for $20 00.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE and HARPER'S WEEKLY, together, one year, $7 00.

Circulation 112,000.

The Publishers will accept a limited Number of first-class Advertisements for their Magazine, at the following low rates:

One Page $250 00
Half Page 125 00
Quarter Page 70 00

☞ Or $1 50 per line for a less space. Average, eight words to a line.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.

Circulation nearly 100,000.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Terms for 1867:

One Copy for One Year $4 00
One Copy for Three Months . . . 1 00

And an Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of FIVE SUBSCRIBERS, at $4 00 each, or 6 Copies for $20 00. *Payment invariably in advance.*

THE BOUND VOLUMES OF HARPER'S WEEKLY from the commencement will be sent to any part of the United States, free of carriage, upon receipt of the price, viz.:

Cloth Binding . . . . . $7 00 per Volume.
Half Morocco . . . . . 10 50 "

Each Volume contains the Numbers for One Year.

TERMS TO ADVERTISERS.—*One Dollar and Fifty Cents* per line for inside, and *Two Dollars* per line for outside Advertisements, each insertion.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.

"In the hour of our Happiness and Prosperity let us remember the Unfortunate and Disabled Soldiers who saved us a Country and a Nationality."—LINCOLN.

GRAND POPULAR MOVEMENT

TO ERECT THE

GETTYSBURG ASYLUM

FOR INVALID SOLDIERS,

UNDER A SPECIAL CHARTER FROM THE STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA, PASSED MARCH 6, 1867.

AN APPEAL TO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

The object of this Association is to provide, by public exertion, a NATIONAL HOME for our disabled Soldiers, to erect an asylum for those who, in their patriotism have served their Country at the expense of their health and happiness; who, in the battle for the Nation's life were maimed, and are now incapable of working for their own maintenance. France has her Hotel Des Invalides where rest the ashes of the great Napoleon; England her Greenwich and Chelsea Hospitals, the former being one of the finest architectural structures ever devoted to charity. Russia, Prussia, and in fact, nearly all European Countries have magnificent retreats for the unfortunate Soldiers. Monarchies provide for the alleviation of the suffering caused by war, but free, prosperous, REPUBLICAN America has no place for her crippled and sick Soldiers but the county poor-house, or the sidewalks of her crowded cities. These noble patriots left happy homes to save our common country in the hour of her deep distress. We pledged to them our lasting gratitude, and now those who are dependent look to us in their utter need to redeem those pledges. They have performed their part—we enjoy the result of their sacrifices: we must not be recreant to our obligations. Let us each devote but a single dollar to this purpose, and the Gettysburg Asylum will afford the Soldiers a Home, and our Country will be honored by the noble Institution.

THE LAND HAS BEEN PURCHASED

By this Association, and Ten Thousand Dollars have already been paid toward the preservation of the Battle-Ground; about thirty acres (adjoining the site of General Meade's Headquarters) have been set apart for the uses of the Asylum.

EXTRACT FROM THE ACT OF INCORPORATION.

SECTION 1. *Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania in General Assembly met, and it is hereby enacted by the authority of the same*, That Major-General GEORGE G. MEADE, Gen. Galusha Pennypacker, Gen. Horatio G. Sickel, General James A. Beaver, and George B. Bergen, or any three of them, and their associates and successors, be and they are hereby created a body politic and corporate, under the name, style, and title of the Gettysburg Asylum for Invalid Soldiers, and by that name shall be able and capable in law to sue and be sued, plead and be impleaded, and to do all such other things as are incident to a corporation; *may acquire, hold*, and *dispose* of any *property* of *value* and *interest*, from *association* with the *late war*, or any *moneys, effects, property*, or *estate, real* or *personal*, whatever, either in this State or elsewhere, and hold public fairs, for the purpose hereinafter mentioned, at such time or times, upon such terms, and in *such way* and *manner whatsoever*, as to them shall seem fit, *any laws* of this Commonwealth to the contrary notwithstanding.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT, OFFICE OF INTERNAL REVENUE.

Whereas, the Supervisors of the Gettysburg Asylum for Invalid Soldiers have made due application to John H. Diehl, Collector of Internal Revenue for the Second Collection District of the State of Pennsylvania, for permission to hold a Gift Festival, and presented to him satisfactory evidence that the proceeds of said Gift Festival will be devoted to charitable uses;

Permission is hereby granted to the said Supervisors to hold such Gift Festival, exempt from all charge, whether from special tax or other duty in respect to said Gift Festival. E. A. ROLLINS *Commissioner*.

LEXINGTON AVENUE, NEW YORK, *October 28th*, 1867.

Having labored for three years to erect a Home for our Crippled Veterans, and having passed a bill for that purpose in the New York Legislature incorporating some one hundred of our best citizens as directors—but under which bill no action has been had, from that time to this—and knowing the great and crying necessity of the case, the shame of leaving our disabled veterans to starve or beg, I hereby most cordially endorse your enterprise, and it shall have all the aid of my tongue, pen, and influence.

Very truly yours, CHAS. G. HALPINE.

Fully sympathizing with your great object, I tender you, gratuitously, the services of my Full Orchestra on the occasion of your Festival at Irving Hall. THEODORE THOMAS.

From the Postmaster General of the United States.

I recommend to all Postmasters that they shall aid this truly benevolent and patriotic enterprise.

A. W. RANDALL.

Being satisfied with the integrity of your enterprise, we cheerfully consent to display your diamonds at our establishment. BROWNE & SPAULDING, 568 and 570 Broadway.

October 25th, 1867.

We hereby certify that we have examined the Diamond Goods, Pearls, Emeralds, Rubies, and other precious Stones, as described in the list, and find them all genuine.

HENLE BROS., Diamond Importers, 26 Maiden Lane, New York.
J. HERMANN, Diamond Setter, 394 Broome Street, New York.

In order to promote public confidence in the highest degree, and for the furtherance of this great object, the Association has decided to place the $300,000 *Worth of Diamonds on public exhibition* at the large Jewelry Establishment of Messrs. Browne & Spaulding, under the Metropolitan Hotel, in the City of New York. The world-renowned *Yacht "Henrietta"* has also been purchased. The *Farm of 600 Acres* is located in Sullivan County, N. Y., and is one of the finest Stock Farms in the State; has a splendid Mansion, and is complete in every particular.

There will be 1,200,000 tickets issued at one dollar each, admitting the holders to both of the

GRAND MUSICAL FESTIVALS:

One at IRVING HALL, New York, Saturday evening, February 8, 1868, and one at HORTICULTURAL HALL, Philadelphia, Saturday evening, February 22, 1868, on which latter occasion

$641,950 in Valuable Presents

will be distributed among the Ticket-Holders, in accordance with the Charter and the following

SCHEDULE OF AWARDS.

1. 1 Grand Cash Award	$100,000
2. 1 Splendid Farm (600 acres)	60,000
3. 1 Yacht, the famous "Henrietta"	50,000
4. 1 Diamond Necklace, 48 Brilliants	30,000
5. 1 Diamond Brooch and Ear-rings (all large diamonds)	25,000
6. 1 Diamond Brooch and Ear-rings (all large diamonds)	25,000
7. 1 Diamond Brooch and Ear-rings	15,000
8. 1 Diamond Necklace, 28 Brilliants, Star Setting	8,000
9. 1 Diamond Necklace, 29 Brilliants	7,000
10. 1 Diamond Cross, set in Silver (large diamonds)	7,000
11. 1 Diamond Slide, 15 Brilliants	6,000
12. 1 Diamond Cluster Brooch	5,000
13. 1 Diamond Cluster Brooch	5,000
14. 1 Diamond and Pearl Cameo Bracelet, Brooch, and Ear-rings	5,000
15. 1 Diamond Single Stone Ring	4,000
16. 1 Diamond Cluster Bracelet	4,000
17. 1 Diamond Cluster Brooch	4,000
18. 1 Diamond Cluster Bracelet	4,000
19. 1 Diamond Cluster Brooch and Ear-rings	4,000
20. 1 Diamond Cluster Bracelet	4,000
21. 1 Diamond Cluster Brooch	4,000
22. 1 Diamond Single Stone Scarf Pin	4,000
23. 1 Diamond Cluster Brooch	4,000
24. 1 Diamond Cluster Bracelet	4,000
25. 1 Diamond Single Stone Ring	3,500
26. 1 Diamond Emerald Cluster Brooch	3,500
27. 1 Pearl Necklace	3,500
28. 1 Pair Diamond Single Stone Ear-rings	3,500
29. 1 Diamond Cross	3,000
30. 1 Diamond Single Stone Stud	3,000
31. 1 Diamond Single Stone Pin	3,000
32. 1 Pair Diamond Single Stone Ear-rings	3,000
33. 1 Diamond Single Stone Pin	3,000
34. 1 Diamond Single Stone Stud	3,000
35. 1 Pair Diamond Single Stone Studs	3,000
36. 1 Diamond Brooch (in Silver)	3,000
37. 1 Diamond Cluster Brooch	3,000
38. 1 Diamond Single Stone Pin	3,000
39. 1 Diamond Single Stone Stud	3,000
40. 1 Diamond Cluster Brooch	2,500
41. 1 Diamond Single Stone Ring	2,500
42. 1 Diamond and Emerald Brooch	2,500
43. 1 Diamond Single Stone Pin	2,500
44. 1 Pearl Breast-Pin, Ear-Rings, and Head Ornament	2,500
45. 1 Diamond Single Stone Pin	2,500
46. 1 Diamond Cross	2,500
47. 1 Diamond and Emerald Ornament	2,500
48. 1 Diamond Single Stone Pin	2,500
49. 1 Diamond Single Stone Ring	2,000
50. 1 Diamond Cluster Stem Pin	1,500
51. 1 Single Stone Diamond Ring	1,500
52. 1 Diamond Cross	1,500
53. 1 Pair Diamond Cluster Ear-Rings	1,500
54. 1 Diamond Single Stone Ring	$1,500
55. 1 Diamond Single Stone Stud	1,500
56. 1 Diamond Bracelet	1,500
57. 1 Diamond Single Stone Ring	1,500
58. 1 Diamond Cluster Ring	1,500
59. 1 Camel's Hair Shawl	1,500
60. 1 Choice Emerald Stud	1,500
61. 1 Single Stone Ring	1,500
62. 1 Single Stone Pin	1,500
63. 1 Cluster Brooch	1,500
64. 1 Diamond Single Stone Pin	1,500
65. 1 Pair Diamond Single Stone Ear-Rings	800
66. 1 Diamond Single Stone Ring	800
67. 1 Diamond and Emerald Cluster Ring	800
68. 1 Diamond Cluster Bracelet, Ear-Rings, and Pin	800
69. 1 Camel's Hair Shawl	800
70. 1 Diamond and Ruby Three Stone Ring	800
71. 1 Diamond and Emerald Cluster Ring	800
72. 1 Diamond Cluster Brooch	800
73. 1 Pair Diamond Cluster Studs	600
74. 1 Gent's Gold Watch and Heavy Chain	600
75. 1 Diamond Single Stone Ring, Star setting	500
76. 1 Diamond Garnet Cluster Ring	500
77. 1 Diamond Single Stone Pin	500
78. 1 Emerald Knob	500
79. 1 Pair Diamond and Ruby Ear-Rings	500
80. 1 Diamond Cluster Ring	400
81. 1 Diamond and Emerald Stem Pin	400
82. 1 Ladies' Diamond Set Watch	400
83. 1 Diamond Single Stone Ring	350
84. 1 Gold Watch	300
85. 1 Diamond and Opal Ring	250
86. 1 Diamond Single Stone Stud	150
87. 1 Diamond Single Stone Ring	150
88. 1 Diamond Three Stone Ring	150
89. 1 Diamond Single Stone Stud	150
90. 1 Pearl Scarf Pin	150
91. 1 Diamond Cluster Ring	150
92. 1 Diamond Single Stone Ring	150
93. 1 Gent's Diamond and Amethyst Ring	150
94. 1 Diamond Cluster Pin	100
95. 1 Cameo & Pearl Brooch and Ear-Rings	100
96. 1 Cameo Brooch	100
97. 1 Diamond Single Stone Ring	100
98. 1 Diamond Cluster Ring	100
99. 1 Ladies' Gold Watch	100
100. 1 Coral Brooch and Ear-Rings	100
101. 1 Pair Garnet Sleeve Buttons	100
102. 1 Gold and Pearl Scarf Pin	50
103. 1 Emerald Scarf Pin	50
104. 1 Emerald Scarf Pin	50
105—1104. 1000 Copies of the splendidly illustrated Presentation Work entitled the "Tribute-Book," at $20 each	20,000
1105—2104. 1000 Photograph Albums, at $5	5,000
Also 120,000 Cash Presents, $1 each	120,000
Making in the Aggregate 122,104 Presents, valued at	$641,950

HOW TO OBTAIN TICKETS.

Orders may be sent to us in registered letters or post-office orders, in sums from $1 to $25 at our risk. Larger amounts should be sent in Drafts or by Express at the following Club Rates:

5 Tickets to one address	$4 50	40 Tickets to one address	$35 00
10 " "	9 00	50 " "	43 50
20 " "	17 50	100 " "	85 00

Address all orders and communications to

GETTYSBURG ASYLUM ASSOCIATION,
1126 CHESTNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

NEW YORK OFFICE, 611 BROADWAY.

The GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY

HAVE JUST RECEIVED

TWO FULL CARGOES

OF THE

FINEST NEW CROP TEAS

22,000 HALF CHESTS by Ship Golden State,
12,000 HALF CHESTS by Ship George Shotton.

In addition to these large cargoes of Black and Japan Teas the Company are constantly receiving large invoices of the finest quality of Green Teas from the Moyune districts of China, which are unrivaled for fineness and delicacy of flavor, which they are selling at the following prices:

OOLONG (black), 50c., 60c., 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ℔ lb.
MIXED (green and black), 50c., 60c., 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ℔ lb.
ENGLISH BREAKFAST 50c., 60c., 70c., 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 20 ℔ lb.
IMPERIAL (green), 50c., 60c., 70c., 80c., 90., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.
YOUNG HYSON (green), 50c., 60c., 70c., 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.
UNCOLORED JAPAN 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.
GUNPOWDER, $1 25, best $1 50 ℔ lb.

COFFEES ROASTED AND GROUND DAILY.

Ground Coffee, 20c., 25c., 30c., 35c., best 40c. per pound. Hotels, Saloons, Boarding-House Keepers, and Families who use large quantities of Coffee, can economize in that article by using our French Breakfast and Dinner Coffee, which we sell at the low price of 30c. per pound, and warrant to give perfect satisfaction.

Consumers can save from 50c. to $1 00 per pound by purchasing their Teas of

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY,

Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey St. (Post-Office Box, No. 5643), New York City.

We warrant all the goods we sell to give entire satisfaction. If they are not satisfactory they can be returned at our expense within 30 days, and have the money refunded.

Through our system of supplying Clubs throughout the country, consumers in all parts of the United States can receive their Teas at the same prices (with the small additional expense of transportation) as though they bought them at our warehouses in this city.

Some parties inquire of us how they shall proceed to get up a club. The answer is simply this: Let each person wishing to join in a club say how much tea or coffee he wants, and select the kind and price from our Price List, as published in the paper or in our circulars. Write the names, kinds, and amounts plainly on a list, and when the club is complete send it to us by mail, and we will put each party's goods in separate packages, and mark the name upon them, with the cost, so there need be no confusion in their distribution—each party getting exactly what he orders, and no more. The cost of transportation the members of the club can divide equitably among themselves.

The funds to pay for the goods ordered can be sent by drafts on New York, by post-office money orders, or by express, as may suit the convenience of the club. Or, if the amount ordered exceed $30, we will, if desired, send the goods by Express to "collect on delivery."

Hereafter we will send a complimentary package to the party getting up the Club. Our profits are small, but we will be as liberal as we can afford. We send no complimentary package for Clubs of less than $30.

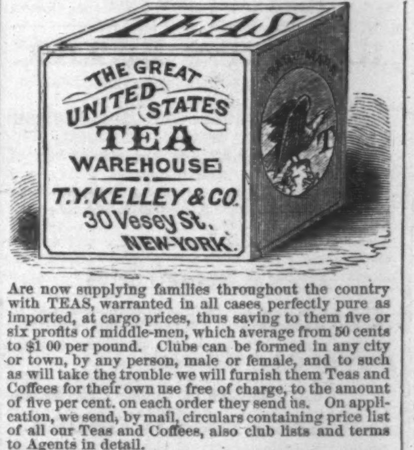
N.B.—All villages and towns where a large number reside, by *clubbing* together, can reduce the cost of their Teas and Coffees about one-third by sending directly to "The Great American Tea Company."

BEWARE of all concerns that advertise themselves as branches of our Establishment, or copy our name either wholly or in part, as they are *bogus* or *imitations*. We have no branches, and do not, in any case, authorize the use of our name.

Post-Office orders and drafts make payable to the order of the Great American Tea Company. Direct letters and orders to the

Great American Tea Company,

Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey Street, Post-Office Box 5643, New York City.



Are now supplying families throughout the country with TEAS, warranted in all cases perfectly pure as imported, at cargo prices, thus saving to them five or six profits of middle-men, which average from 50 cents to $1 00 per pound. Clubs can be formed in any city or town, by any person, male or female, and to such as will take the trouble we will furnish them Teas and Coffees for their own use free of charge, to the amount of five per cent. on each order they send us. On application, we send, by mail, circulars containing price list of all our Teas and Coffees, also club lists and terms to Agents in detail.

We forward all goods, collect on delivery, by the Express Company, and members of the Club can divide the Express charges equally among themselves.

PRICE LIST.

Oolong (black), 60, 70, 80, 90, $1 00 best.
Mixed (green and black), 60, 70, 80, 90, $1.00 best.
Young Hyson (green), 60, 70, 80, 90, $1 00, $1 10, $1 25.
Imperial (green), 90, $1 00, $1 25.
English Breakfast (black), 70, 80, 90, $1 00, $1 10, $1 20.
Japan, 90, $1 00, $1 25.
Gunpowder, $1 25, $1 50.

We import a very superior quality of Kiangsi Oolong and Moyune Young Hyson Teas, put up in original Chinese packages, which we sell at $1 30 the Oolong and $1 60 the Young Hyson, per package.

Ground Coffees, 20c., 25c., 30c. per pound. Best Old Government Java, ground, 40c.

All goods put up by us bear our trade mark, and no others are genuine. Address all orders to

GREAT UNITED STATES TEA WAREHOUSE of
T. Y. KELLEY & CO., 30 Vesey Street,
P. O. Box 574. New York.

CONSUMPTION, SCROFULA, RHEUMATISM, &c.

HEGEMAN'S GENUINE MEDICINAL COD LIVER OIL. Our Oil has stood the test of 20 years, and thousands of patients attribute their recovery to its use. It is warranted pure. HEGEMAN & CO., Chemists and Druggists, New York.

25 CENTS TO SAVE 25 DOLLARS.

HEGEMAN'S BENZINE instantly removes Paint and Grease Spots, and cleans Gloves, Silks, Ribbons, &c., equal to new. Sold by Druggists.

CHAPPED HANDS AND FACE, SORE LIPS, &c.,
CURED AT ONCE BY THE USE OF

HEGEMAN'S CAMPHOR ICE WITH GLYCERINE. Keeps the hands soft in the coldest weather. See that you get the genuine. Sold by Druggists.

"THE NOO YORC LEDGER OF WIT," Established 1858; LARGE DOUBLE SHEET, ILLUSTRATED, HUMOROUS NOOZEPAPER, only FIFTY CENTS per year. Great inducements to Agents. Specimen Copies sent to any address FREE OF CHARGE. Address all communications to

SHELDON, HOWARD & CO.,
Box 3725, New York City.

"THE ARABULA, or DIVINE GUEST," is the title of a remarkable NEW WORK by ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS. Just published, in best style, uniform with the Harmonias. Price $1 50. Liberal discount to the trade. Address WILLIAM WHITE & CO., 158 Washington St., Boston; or "BANNER OF LIGHT" Branch Office, 544 Broadway, New York.

EVERY PERSON cultivating a Flower or Vegetable Garden will be interested in the new Patent Trellis. For Illustrated Circular, address WILLIAM W. WILCOX, Middletown, Conn.

FIRST PREMIUM,
AMERICAN INSTITUTE FAIR, 1867,
has been awarded to
THE HADLEY COMPANY
for
HADLEY AND HOLYOKE SPOOL COTTON,
for general superiority over all other cottons sold in this market.
A. T. STEWART & CO.,
GENERAL AGENTS,
NEW YORK, BOSTON, AND PHILADELPHIA.

Superior Imitation Gold Hunting Watches.

THE OROIDE WATCH FACTORY.

Oroide cases, a newly discovered composition, known only to ourselves, precisely like gold in appearance, keeping its color as long as worn, and as well finished as the best gold ones. These watches are made at our own Factory, from the best materials, of the latest and most approved styles, are jeweled, and well finished, with a view to the best results in regard to wear and time. For appearance, durability, and time, they have never been equaled by watches costing five times as much. Each one warranted by special certificate to keep accurate time. We are at present making watches only of the first quality; Price $15. Gentlemen's and Ladies' sizes. For this small sum any one can have an excellent watch, equal in appearance, and as good for time, as a gold one costing $150. Also, Oroide Chains, as well made as those of gold, from $2 to $6. Goods sent by express, to be paid for on delivery, *customers paying all Express charges*. C. E. COLLINS & CO., 42 and 44 Nassau St., (up stairs), New York.

"GOOD READING FREE!" New subscribers to the PICTORIAL PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL for 1868, at $3 a year, will get Nov. and Dec. Nos. Free. Subscribe at once. Address S. R. WELLS, Editor, No. 389 Broadway, New York.

CURL YOUR HAIR!

SAMPLES SENT FREE.

A sample of Prof. Robb's Curlique will be sent free to any address. The Curlique will curl the straightest hair on the first application (without injury) in soft, luxuriant, beautiful flowing curls. Address, with STAMP, Prof. B. H. ROBB, PARKMAN, OHIO.

Wright's Alconated Glycerine Tablet

Of SOLIDIFIED GLYCERINE softens and smooths the skin, prevents chapping, imparts beauty and brightness to the complexion, is deliciously fragrant, transparent, and superb as a toilet soap. Sold by all Druggists. R. & G. A. WRIGHT, Philadelphia.

EVERY MAN HIS OWN PRINTER.

CHEAPEST AND BEST. Price of Presses, $8, $12, $16, $23, $30. Price of Office, $15, $20, $30, $42, $48, $70. Send for circular to LOWE PRESS COMPANY, 23 Water St., Boston.

Courtship made Easy, Woo and Win, Bridal Etiquette, 3 books for 45 cts. Correct Letter-writing, Behavior, Conversation, Etiquette, 4 books, 60 cts. Photographs, all kinds, 1 doz. assorted for $1. My mammoth catalogues given away. Send for them.

W. C. WEMYSS, 575 Broadway, New York.

ARTIFICIAL EARS for the Deaf. Can be concealed. Send to E. HASLAM, 266 Broadway, New York, for a descriptive Pamphlet.

WATERS' PIANO-FORTES,

Grand, Square, and Upright; MELODEONS; Parlor, Church, Gem, and Cabinet ORGANS—the best manufactured—TO LET, and rent applied if purchased; monthly installments received. Second-hand pianos at great bargains. Factory and Warerooms, No. 481 Broadway, New York. HORACE WATERS & CO.